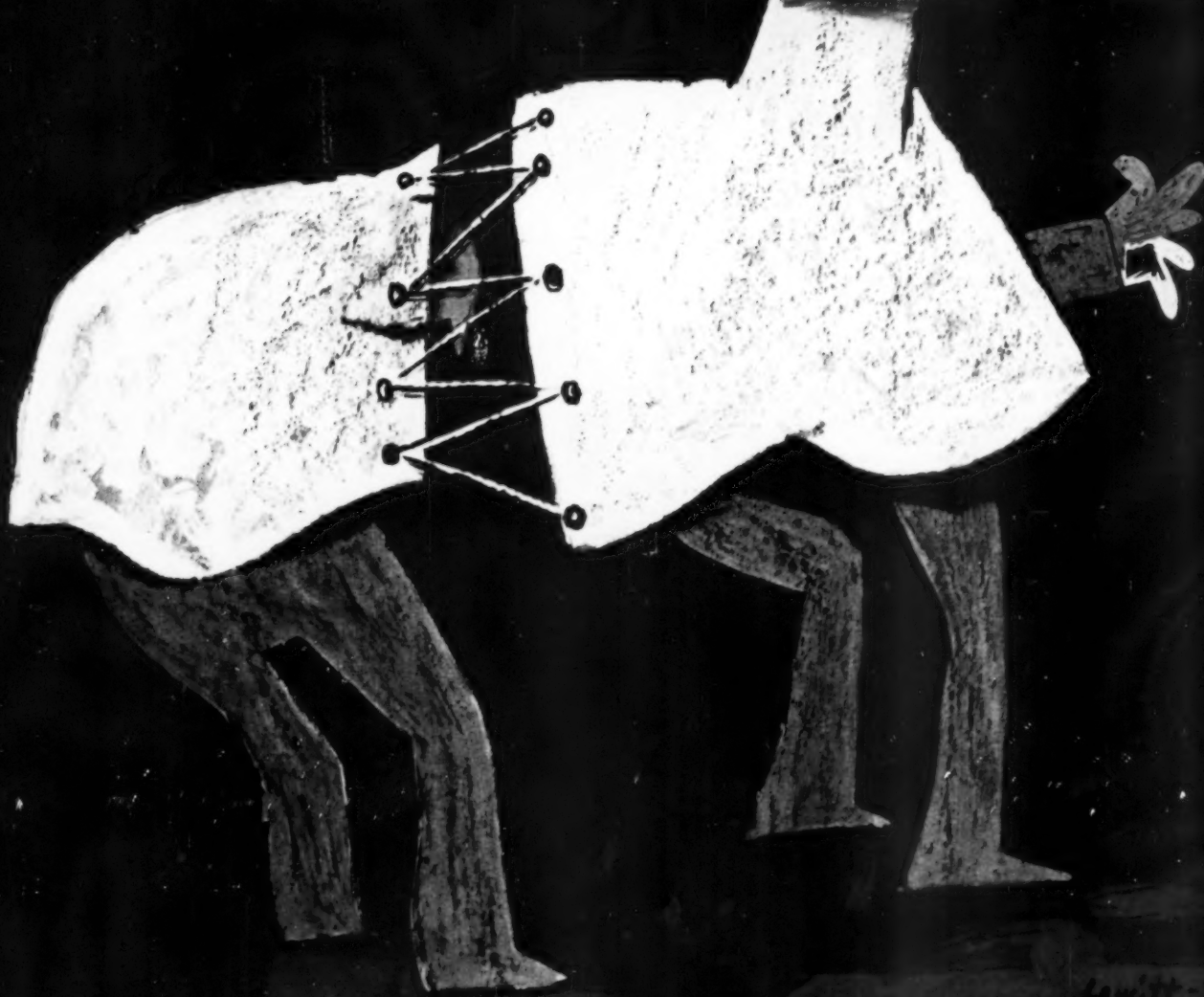


# PUNCH



Lewitt-Hill



## Alice in Snowmansland

"Which head is mine?" the Mad Hatter asked in a perplexed tone, scratching the snowman's head by mistake.

"I get so confused," he went on, "what with my hat being on the snowman's head, and the Guinness head not having a hat."

"Oh, but you can always tell the head of a Guinness," cried Alice. "See how rich and creamy it is!"

"Wonderful," exclaimed the Hatter, "it reminds me of . . . it's something like . . . let me see . . ."

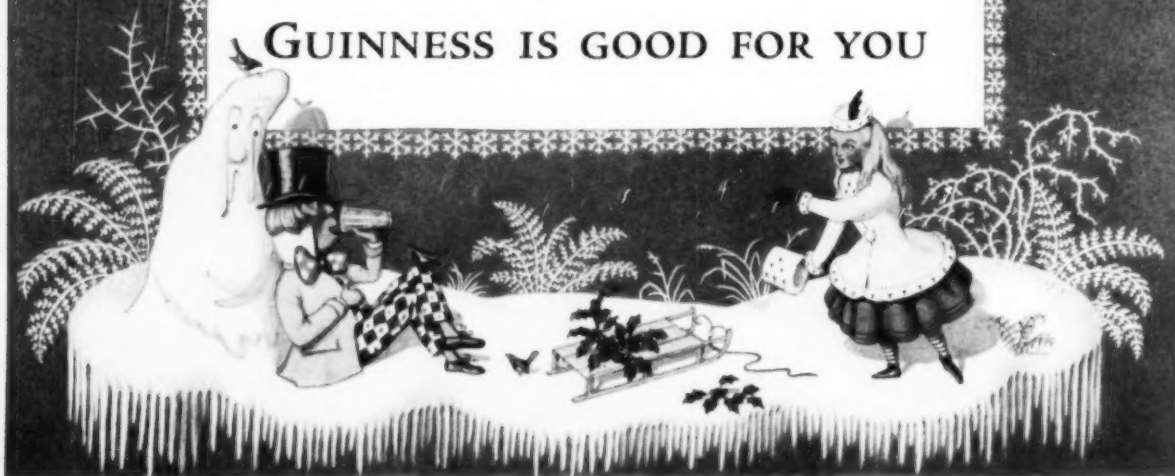
"But there's nothing like a Guinness," said Alice.

"I didn't say there was," replied the Hatter. "I said a Guinness was Something Like." He smacked his lips approvingly.

"Oh won't you give the snowman some?" cried Alice. "He's got such a melting expression."

The Hatter shook his head. "I'm not as mad as all that," he said, as he finished the glass.

## GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU



TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

## *The man who discovered what to give for Christmas*



THERE WAS A MAN who had a daughter. And he thought that no-one else had a daughter half so kind and clever and lovely. And he wanted to give her a present that would make her eyes shine. He puzzled for weeks. And suddenly he knew.

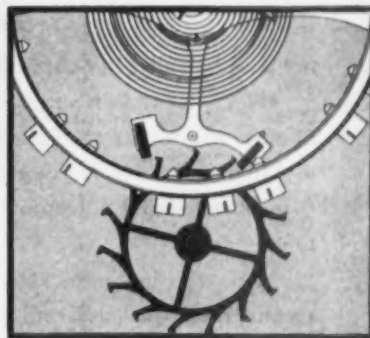
A beautiful watch would be exciting, her first jewellery, something she could be vain about.

A reliable and lasting watch would be something she could use a hundred times a day, every day, for many years.

A trustworthy jeweller showed him that good Swiss jewelled-lever watches, made by the world's best craftsmen, are watches like that.

So she became a very proud daughter.\*

\*The Swiss make men's watches just as carefully as women's.



### THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

*Your jeweller's knowledge is  
your safeguard*



THE  
WATCHMAKERS  
OF  
SWITZERLAND





## Neither saints nor sages . . .

It would be idle to pretend that the Insurance expert is a man of ferocious piety or formidable wisdom. What he essentially is—is a man who knows his job and knows his responsibilities.

He knows that Insurance, cornucopia of many millions of pounds, must pour out its fruitful funds cautiously. *He* is investing *your* money—usefully, but shrewdly.

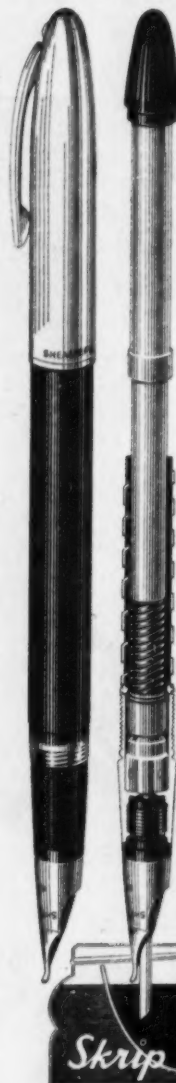
He knows that Insurance, in the cover it affords, is the vast umbrella that protects individuals and enterprises against the rainy days—unexpected and unfortunate as they always are.

More still, he knows that Insurance has a meaning for *you*—a meaning that conveys a sense of security *plus* all those good things that savings provide—a better house, better education for the family . . . and so on, and so on.

This homily points a moral. Insurance is being responsibly, resourcefully—yes, even creatively—handled by practical people with *your* interests in the forefront of their minds.

## Britain's Insurance Offices

## YOU CAN NOW GIVE THE FINEST PEN IN THE WORLD



### *This is the Sheaffer*

Seen in the hands of the most influential people in the world. Recognized instantly by its slim silhouette, by its unmistakable tubular nib, by the near-incredible "Snorkel."\*

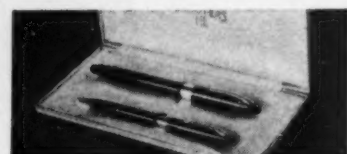
It's a masterpiece of precision engineering, this Sheaffer . . .

Instantly ready, always, to flow your thoughts on to paper

with the gliding, almost frictionless touch of the Sheaffer nib.

Just to hold the Sheaffer in your hand to know the feel of it—that's the first indication of the Sheaffer's worth.

Write with it and you'll discover why the world's most discerning people buy it at prices up to nine and a half guineas.



As a Christmas present, of course, it's the gift of a lifetime—  
for a lifetime . . .  
and it is now on sale in Great Britain.

**SKRIP**—the finest ink for the finest pens.

#### **AIR-SEALED INNER CAP**

Air seal stops ink drying, keeps pen instantly ready for use. Innerspring safety clip.

#### **PNEUMATIC FILLER**

A flick of a finger—instantaneous filling on the *down-stroke*. Cleans, flushes itself automatically.

**14 CARAT GOLD  
FEATHERTOUCH POINT**  
A marvel of delicate precision and strength.

#### **THE WORLD-FAMOUS "SNORKEL"**

Wiping nib, wiping barrel, a thing of the past! Snorkel tube reaches down, fills pen, retracts!

# Sheaffer's

Snorkel Pens from £3.7.6 to nine and a half guineas

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. (England) Ltd., Barnet, Herts.  
GREAT BRITAIN · U.S.A · CANADA · AUSTRALIA





*when  
the clans  
gather,*

*it's*

**Grants**

**STAND FAST WHISKY**

*How happy I could be with either!*



with the  
exclusive  
**ANGLED  
HEAD**

THERE'S A LIFELONG FUTURE  
IN THESE PRESENTS

**New**

### **VICEROY 'V-TEN'**

Electric Shaver

A superb new Viceroy model with a galaxy of entirely new features. Double-speed multiple heads, "ANGLED" to let you see where you are shaving, make 'sideboard' and moustache trimming easy, and give quicker and more comfortable shaves. Snap-change voltage switch (A.C./D.C. 90-250v.). Complete in superb Presentation Case £9.17.8d. inc. tax. Other Viceroy Electric Shavers from £5.6.6d., or "Non-Electric" (hand-operated) £5.9.5d.

No harm in your dropping a hint! So if you want a lifetime of really luxurious shaving, leave this advertisement where you are sure it will be seen—and keep your fingers crossed. To those with a gift list to fill: remember, it is every man's ambition to own one of these superlative shaving instruments. There is a fine selection of Rolls Razors and Viceroy Dry Shavers in the shops now.

## **ROLLS RAZOR**

LTD.

Makers of the world's most gifted razors

ROLLS RAZOR LTD., Head Office, Works & Service, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.  
Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, London, W.1 (Callers only).

### **ROLLS RAZOR**

The One-Blade Safety

For the soap and water enthusiast, here is the world's most famous razor! With its hollow-ground blade honed and stropped in its case, the Rolls Razor is a revelation in speed and comfort and gives lifelong freedom from constant blade-buying. Price 53/3d. complete, or in attractive presentation Leather Pouch Set, with extra blade, 79/6d. (All prices include Purchase Tax and apply in the U.K. only).



Large 2/3  
Small 1/7

**New!**



Here is a new answer to an old problem. Cussons Clear Brilliantine controls the hair but leaves it soft and healthy—and just as important—does not discolour hats and pillow cases.

**Cussons**

IMPERIAL LEATHER

**CLEAR Brilliantine**

FOR MEN

CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK ST, LONDON W1



The "smallest room"  
needs the  
**strongest**  
cleaner

Harpic cleans  
right round  
the S-bend,  
where the brush  
cannot reach

To keep the lavatory pan scrupulously clean, you need something that not only whitens the bowl but is strong enough to scour right round the S-bend. Harpic is made specially strong to do just this job—safely, without harming the porcelain. The lavatory is used every day, so use Harpic every day. Plain or perfumed, it costs 1/6d., or 2/6d. for the large size.



**HARPIC**  
REGD.

specially strong

and safe for the lavatory

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD., HULL

*It's better  
for  
everyone*



**Imperial**  
*Good*  
*Companion*  
*portable*

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD. LEICESTER & HULL

CBC 21





THE  
*Leathersmith*  
FIVE YEAR  
DIARY

A  
personal gift  
of lasting value

With superfine white paper, the bindings, finely tooled, are Antique finish leather, Morocco Goatskin or rich Hazel Pigskin. With or without lock. Gift boxed. From 13/3 to 31/- each.

At all stores and stationers.

T. J. & J. SMITH LTD., LOMBARD ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 19. LIB 5671 (5 lines)

Makers of the famous DATADAY pocket and commercial diaries



**JEREZ CREAM**  
Choicest Old Oloroso  
**SHERRY**



Rich and Luscious with the outstanding quality and flavour that only AGE, EXPERT SELECTION AND BLENDING in JEREZ (Spain) can produce

Shipped only by :-  
**WILSON & VALDESPINO**  
JEREZ · SPAIN

Obtainable from all leading wine Merchants



**PALMOLIVE'S**  
NEW LATHER BOMB

**Rapid-Shave**

Just press the button...

**INSTANT LATHER**  
READY  
FOR SHAVING!



Quicker, Smoother,  
Cleaner!

Rich, creamy lather without brushing! Palmolive Rapid-Shave takes the fight out of whiskers in seconds... makes shaving smoother, easier than ever before! There's no messy brush, no greasy cream with Palmolive Rapid-Shave! And it rinses off instantly!



The gift he's sure to like  
**PALMOLIVE RAPID-SHAVE**

He'll love the extra speed and comfort of this wonderful new shaving product!

Quicker than brushless cream, smoother than lather with a brush, Palmolive Rapid-Shave is sure to please him! He'll thank you every time he shaves with quick, luxurious Palmolive Rapid-Shave!

Three months' super shaving-only  
Buy it in the gay Christmas pack!

**OUTSHAVES ANY SHAVING PRODUCT EVER MADE!**



## WHAT YOU CAN MAKE WITH **LUSTREX\***

MANY DIFFERENT PRODUCTS, cheaply and well. You can make tool handles, and packages for tools. You can make filing trays, and fittings for refrigerators and radios. In fact you can make almost anything — from instrument panels and picnic sets to camera spools and small cable drums — in Lustrex polystyrene plastic. Lustrex is light yet strong; it resists acids and alkalis; it does not shrink or become brittle. It is made in two grades — Lustrex for general purposes and Lustrex Toughened 1 for particularly tough purposes. Colour choice is almost unlimited. These physical properties give you some idea of the capabilities of Lustrex.

Information for the Technical Man.				
Lustrex Toughened 1 : Properties at 23°C. & 50% Relative Humidity.				
Property	Test Method		Units	
Tensile Strength ... ..	ASTM D.638-52T	3700-4500	...	lb/in <sup>2</sup>
Elongation at break ... ..	ASTM D.638-52T	15-25	...	%
Modulus of Elasticity in Tension ... ..	ASTM D.638-52T	3.5-4.5 x 10 <sup>6</sup>	...	lb/in <sup>2</sup>
Flexural Strength ... ..	ASTM D.790-49T	7000-8500 at yield	...	lb/in <sup>2</sup>
Deflection ... ..	ASTM D.790-49T	No failure	...	inch
Izod Impact Strength :				
1/2" x 1/2" bar ... ..	ASTM D.256-47T	1.5-2.0	}	{ ft. lb/in. of notch
1/2" x 1/4" bar ... ..	ASTM D.256-47T	0.7-1.0		
Softening Point ... ..	B.S. 1493	86-90	...	°C.
Water Absorption ... ..	ASTM D.570-42	0.03-0.05	...	%
Specific Gravity ... ..		1.05-1.06		

*\*Please Note.* Lustrex is supplied only in production quantities for injection moulding: it is not yet available in sheet form. Write for literature to keep ready for your next design job.

Lustrex is one of Monsanto's wide range of chemicals and plastics for industry. If you have an industrial problem which chemicals might help you to solve—get in touch with Monsanto today!

*Lustrex is a Registered Trade Mark*

**MONSANTO CHEMICALS FOR EVERY INDUSTRY**

**MONSANTO PLASTICS LIMITED**

51 Victoria Station House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1  
and at Royal Exchange, Manchester, 2



*Regd.*

## SECURITY AND MORE

**Let your money  
earn a tax-paid  
return of**

**2 $\frac{3}{4}$ %**

EQUIVALENT TO 5% ON AN INVESTMENT

TAXED AT STANDARD RATE

Interest accrues from day of investment.

Facilities for prompt withdrawal. For full details, write or telephone:

**City Prudential  
Building Society**

**ASSETS EXCEED £7,000,000**

17 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1. TELEPHONE: CITY 8323

131/132 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1. TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 9581

AND AT BELFAST · BIRMINGHAM · BRADFORD · BRIGHTON · LEEDS

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*'Quality Tells'*

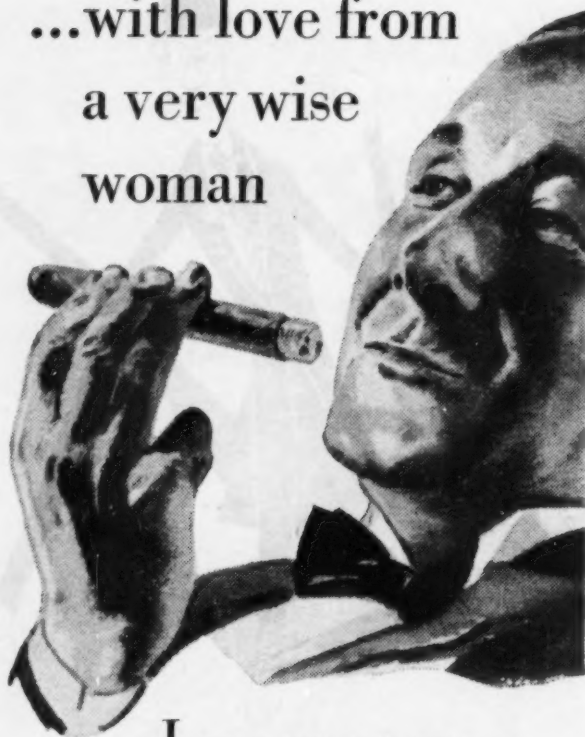


By Appointment  
Scotch Whisky Distillers  
to the late King George VI  
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

*Scotch Whisky is the ideal drink for all occasions*

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY STREET, LEITH. London Office: 22, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

...with love from  
a very wise  
woman



It isn't as hard as you might think—

to choose a man's Christmas cigars with wisdom and understanding! Just one golden rule to remember: most men prefer a cigar that is *mild*. And that points straight to a safe field of choice; for mildness is a characteristic of the fine imported Jamaica. Notably mild, without any loss of character, is La Tropical. As fine an imported cigar as money can buy—but not, by any means, the most expensive.

**LA TROPICAL**

DE LUXE

*Finest Jamaica Cigars*



**A FEW SUGGESTIONS**

**SMALL PACKINGS**, cartons of 5 and cedar boxes of 10 cigars from 14/- to 34/-

**PACKINGS OF 25 CIGARS**, in cedar boxes, Pan-Climatic Jars and special presentation boxes, from 49/3 to 129/3

SOLE IMPORTERS: LAMBERT AND BUTLER OF DRURY LANE,  
BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED

L7228





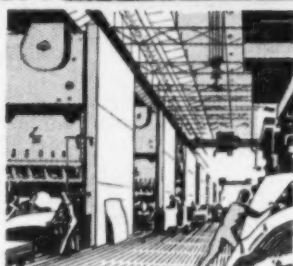
## FROM OXFORD

### to the highways of the world

Fourteenth century stonework—and twentieth century steel. The mellowness of age—and the power of modern industry. Oxford knows both and is great because of each. From this beautiful city, British cars travel to the four corners of the world.



From New Zealand's Southern Alps to the snow-capped mountains of Norway, in tropic rains or desert heat, in the five continents and across the seven seas Pressed Steel bodywork maintains and enhances the British tradition of craftsmanship in engineering.



## PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED

Britain's largest Independent Manufacturers of  
**CAR BODIES**



Factories: COWLEY, OXFORD • THEALE, BERKSHIRE • LINWOOD, SCOTLAND • Head Office: COWLEY • London Office: SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169 REGENT ST., W.1  
MANUFACTURERS ALSO OF PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATORS, STEEL RAILWAY WAGONS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND PRESSINGS OF ALL TYPES



**Low Countries** Land of dykes and canals, and windmills turning in the sea-salt breeze. Here, British cars are a familiar sight—and Pressed Steel bodywork a guarantee of enduring strength.



**World's tallest trees** North of San Francisco, U.S. Highway 101 runs mile after mile through groves of giant Redwoods soaring 300 feet into the sky. Of all British cars exported to the New World the majority has bodywork by Pressed Steel Company Limited.

**CARS** are one of Britain's greatest, and most valuable exports—earning vital hard currency, maintaining employment, building prosperity. Pressed Steel Company Limited is proud to be associated not only with many of the most famous names in the British motor-car industry, including Austin, Daimler, Hillman, Humber, Jaguar, Morris, Morris Commercial, M.G., Riley, Rover, Singer and Wolseley, but with other manufacturers yet to achieve world renown.



means  
woollies  
won't  
shrink  
out of  
fit—  
stay  
gossamer  
soft

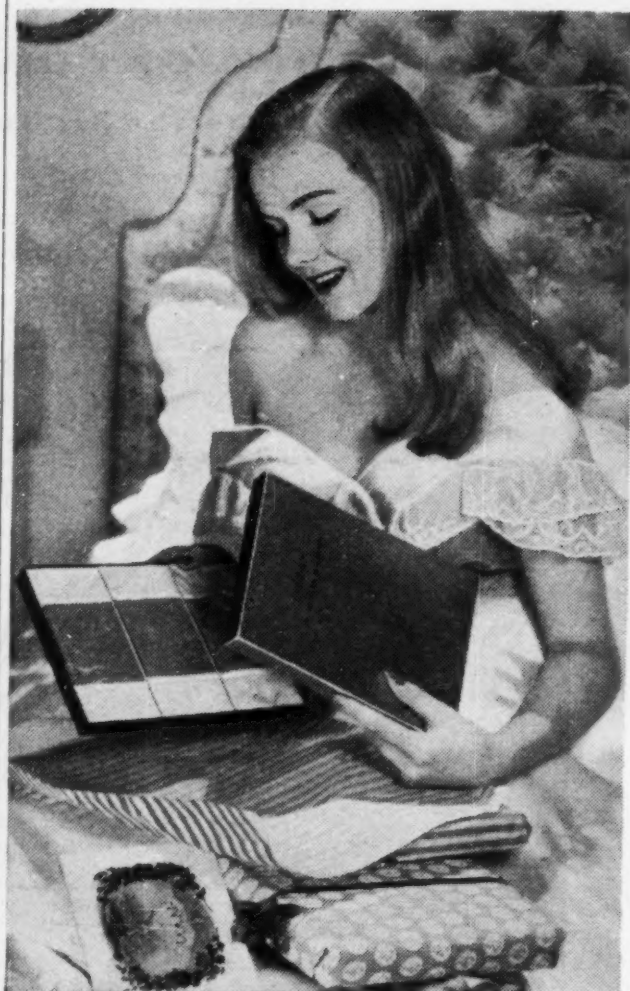


DYLAN on knitwear—DYLAN on underwear—DYLAN on socks—DYLAN on fabric. DYLAN on wool or wool mixture textiles means they won't shrink out of fit, will give a marvellous soft 'handle', will give longer life. DYLAN in the shops soon!

"DYLAN" denotes that goods carrying this brand name have passed standards of shrink-resistance set up by Stevensons Dyers Limited, correlated to the tests laid down by the British Standards Institution.



STEVENSONS DYERS LIMITED · AMBERGATE · DERBYSHIRE  
DP3/54



And he,  
of course, has  
remembered  
to send me ...



From the wide range of heart-winning Aristoc stockings here are three to jot down on your Christmas gift list:

**MISTIQUE** ... ultra-sheer glamour stockings for those special occasions, in novel pack containing a pair and a spare. One guinea.

**ASCOT** ... 60 gauge, 15 denier; sheer flattery. 10/11d per pair.

**LANSDOWNE** ... 30 denier, semi-sheer; for day wear. 9/6 per pair.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

*"Now tell me  
how you like my coffee"*



*Dress by Roecliff & Chapman*

# LYONS for COFFEE

**W**HY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-  
ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason... Freshly-ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are **fresh**. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is *immediately* aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process), in the well-known green tins. *It is the freshest coffee you can buy.*





# For a happy Christmas -WINE!

There's no happier drink for this happy season than wine! Nothing else so surely warms the heart, brightens the wits, helps digestion, makes food taste so good. Cost? You can get sound table wines for as little as 6/- a bottle—enough for four people. Any wine you like is the *right* wine—but the brief notes below may help your choice.

## EASY TO BUY, EASY TO SERVE

Don't be confused by the wine list! Your wine merchant (or the wine waiter) will gladly advise you. For serving, just remember one rule: red wines are best at room temperature, white wines and champagne should be cold but not iced.

### SHERRY



Most people find a dry or medium dry sherry the perfect appetizer before meals or with the soup. Fuller-flavoured sherries are excellent with dessert—or to drink at any time, alone or with a biscuit.

### WHITE WINE



Dry white wines are delicious with fish, white meats, salads, and other dishes of delicate flavour. Sweeter white wines come into their own with the sweet course. And champagne goes with everything!

### RED WINE



Glowing and genial, red wines are generally agreed to be natural companions for roasts and grills, poultry and game, cheese and savoury dishes. Mulled wine, hot and spicy, is splendid for winter parties.

### PORT



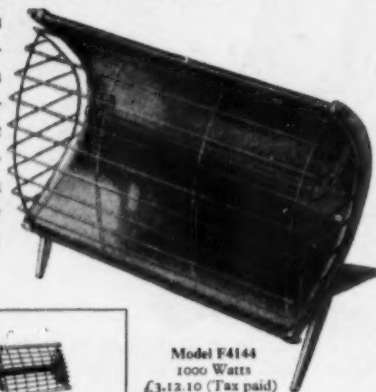
Port—vintage, tawny, or ruby—is a wonderful drink with dessert, to round off a good meal. Like sherry, port keeps a long time after opening—so you can always offer your friends a glass.

wine costs so little—adds so much!

For "A SHORT GUIDE TO WINE," ask your wine merchant, or The Friends of Wine, Dept. 40, Vintners' Hall, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.4 (City 5377)

## ONLY A FERRANTI FIRE GIVES SUCH immediate comfort

A true parabolic reflector, a surface of exceptional brilliance, a pencil slim, high temperature element, accurately positioned. These are the features which result in electric heating with the greatest comfort—only to be found in the FERRANTI RADIANT ELECTRIC FIRE.



 <b>Model F3117</b> 1250/2500 Watts £16.14.7 (Tax paid)	 <b>Model F3108</b> 1000/2000 or 1250/2500 Watts. £11.9.5 (Tax paid.)
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**Model F4144**  
 1000 Watts  
 £3.12.10 (Tax paid)

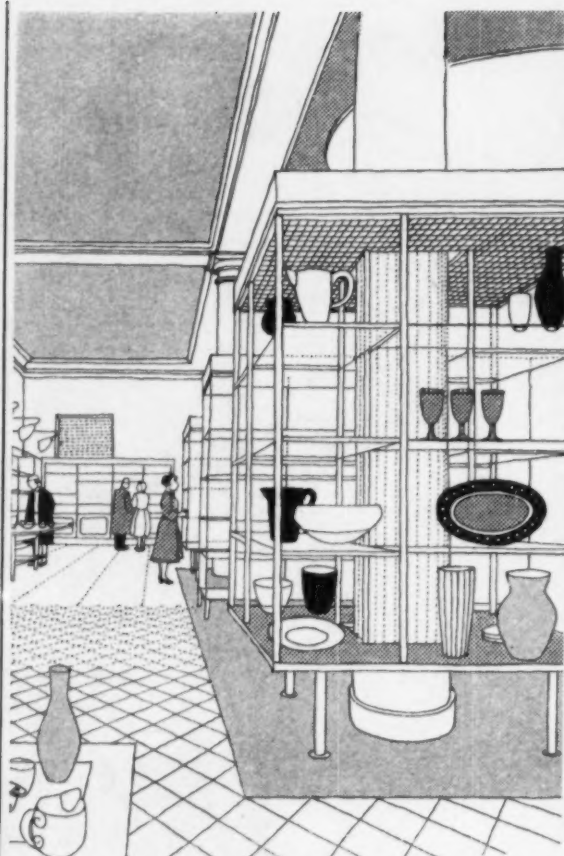
**FIRST  
FOREMOST  
HOTTEST**

## Ferranti radiant electric fires

Ferranti fires comply with all the latest safety regulations. Post for free illustrated leaflet to:  
 FERRANTI LTD., DEPT. D.A., MOSTON, MANCHESTER 10

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## A bull

### FOR OUR CHINA SHOP

The Stores has scored a bull with its magnificent new china and glass department. Misha Black has completely re-designed the place for us—made it as sparkling and delightful as its wares. Here it is! Come and be impressed

### BRIEFLY NOTED—

Only a visit can do justice—obviously we can't describe here over 200 china tea sets (incidentally prices start as low as 59/9 for 21 pieces) or our enormous range of stock pattern earthenware and china dinner, tea and breakfast sets. But to whet your appetite, Doulton have re-introduced some delightful earthenware dinner sets (26 piece, from £6. 2. 2.); tea sets to match, 52/1 for 21 pieces; coffee sets, 42/8. Then there are English hand-cut crystal wine services, flower centres, vases, Doulton figures (scarce, so snap up the ones you like) and everything else from kitchenware to cased glass. What a hunting ground for Christmas presents!

## Army & Navy Stores

**EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE**

VICTORIA STREET SW1 • VICTORIA 1234 DAY AND NIGHT  
 5 minutes' walk from Victoria Station





**MILLIWATT**

Regd.

44 Princess Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

## ELECTRIC BLANKETS

Purchase from the Experts who built the Milliwatt safest and most efficient electrically heated flying equipment in the World, standardised by the U.S. Air Force in the late War.

Single Heat Standard Blanket, 30" by 50"

Thermostatically controlled

£5 18s. 9d. including P.T.

SAFE—EFFICIENT

BEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

Passed by the Authorities

**DO NOT SLEEP WITH LIVE WIRES  
IN BED**

Ask for details of complete medical and domestic range at any Electricity Showroom, Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, John Lewis & Co. Ltd., and Branches of John Lewis Partnership, Electrical Retailers, and leading stores

**SLEEP WARM—SLEEP WELL**



## DECEMBER HANDICAP

"Now, Hawkins, can I interest you in the Grand Christmas Draw? Tickets one shilling. Stupendous prizes."

"Last year, Mr. Gerald, I won the Permanent Wave. Just my luck, sir."

"Bad staff work. What about a Live Calf or Two Seats for 'Peter Pan on Ice'?"

"I would much prefer the Case of Rose's Lime Juice. During the party season, sir, it would be so useful to us both—in different ways."

"Done, Hawkins! Bring me a large gin and Rose's and I will offer you three tickets on generous credit terms!"

**ROSE'S LIME JUICE**  
for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

## Pray silence for the toast and Stork



At a recent dinner of the Silkwearers Society, Stork was the guest of honour. In his speech of introduction, Mr. Justice Incognito referred to the law which called Stork Margarine. (Cries of "shame!"!)

This, he said, undoubtedly derived from a mistranslation of the Latin. The Law was not made for Stork: though, having enjoyed its creamy taste *in camera*, he could safely say that Stork was made for the Law.

Or, at least, for his own limb of it!

He proposed that the Society should thereafter be known as the "Storkeaters". (Loud cheers.)

In the interests of justice, we would add that all the characters in this extravaganza, except Stork and possibly the Law, are entirely fictitious.

Though Stork has long considered taking Silk—if only because the Silk has obviously never taken Stork.

For the Law calls Stork by the legally correct but gastronomically inept title of "Stork Margarine". One good taste might amend the law: then May 10th 1954, would go down in legal history as "the day Stork broke out".

*The Law and the Palate beg to differ—*

**THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE**



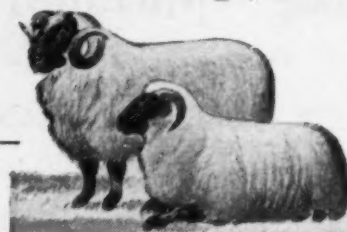
Correct  
Dress Wear  
by  
**AKCO**  
REGD.

*A Cummerbund is 'correct'  
with a dinner jacket*

ALL THE BEST OUTFITTERS SELL AKCO DRESS WEAR  
-but if any difficulty write to-  
**FRED<sup>c</sup> THEAK & CO. LTD. TAUNTON SOMERSET**

## Nature's Masterpieces

can be  
instantly  
recognised -  
-so can



## HARRIS TWEED

A masterpiece of Man and Nature

THIS IS HOW ▶

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark, and guarantees that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.



LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON THE CLOTH

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE  
GARMENT

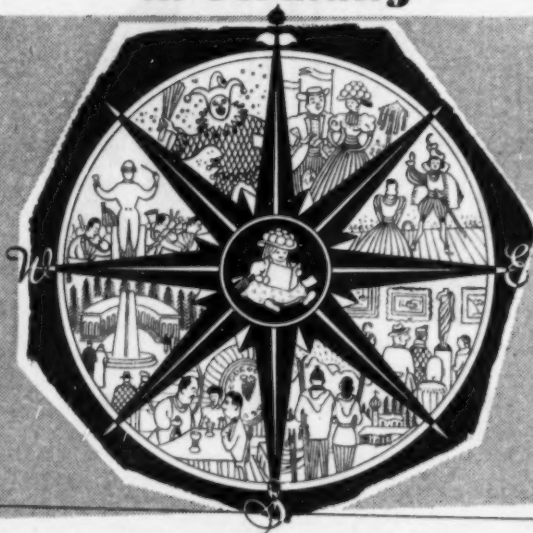
Issued by  
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

Don't  
be Vague  
ask for  
**Haig**



*The Oldest Scotch  
Whisky Distillers  
in the World*

**Any time is travel time  
in Germany**



The winter sports land of sunshine, snow and unforgettable mountains. The country of carnival, music, festivals and colourful national costumes. Be welcomed by a warm-hearted people and enjoy an amazingly inexpensive holiday!

Apply your Travel Agent or

**German Tourist Information Bureau**  
4 VIGO STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. GRO 5566 7566





## Appreciating human needs

The community depends upon steel. It is thus a national matter that the industry should prosper in order to provide stable conditions of employment and a large measure of social security for the many workers for whose welfare and health it is directly responsible.

The United Steel company has for long concerned itself with these problems. As far back as 1882 a fund was founded at one of the oldest producing units to

make provision for retired employees. More recently contributory pension schemes were established to cover every worker in the Company's employ.

At the same time the Company has initiated many reforms based upon industrial preventative and curative hygiene, with establishments of medical officers, nursing administration and adequate equipment well beyond the terms of national legislation.



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UNITED STEEL STRUCTURAL COMPANY LIMITED • DISTINGTON ENGINEERING COMPANY LIMITED • YORKSHIRE ENGINE COMPANY LIMITED



## Christmas at Mappin's

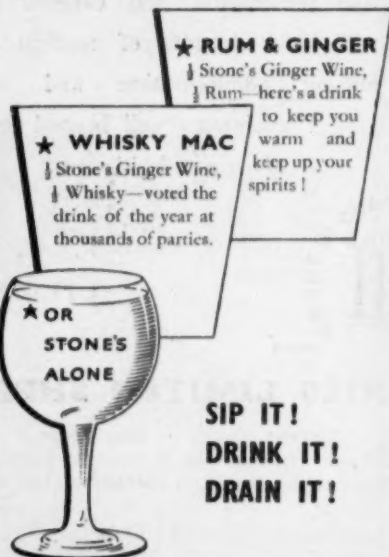
To give pleasure not only on Christmas Day but for many a day to come, choose a gift of Mappin quality. In our well known ranges of Jewellery, Gold, Watches, Clocks, Sterling Silver and Fine Leather there is ample scope for munificence: but you will also find many suggestions for gifts no less notable in quality but encouragingly modest in price—particularly in our displays of Mappin Plate and Fancy goods.

*If you cannot visit us we will gladly send on request a little book of Gift Ideas from whose pages you may order with confidence.*

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## 3 reasons for 1 bottle of STONE'S GINGER WINE



**SIP IT!  
DRINK IT!  
DRAIN IT!**



*'stands alone...'*



\* In appearance, in workmanship, in flavour and aroma, this fine cigar—EL TROVADOR—stands alone.

*For a dry aperitif*

*better*  *drink*



**MARTINI**

*vermouth*

**In the true**

**Continental Manner**

● A glass of Martini Dry Vermouth,  
● well chilled and with a twist of  
● lemon peel makes the perfect  
● aperitif before lunch or dinner.

● (In a bar ask for

● 'A Dry Martini Vermouth')







*The Present  
no one ever exchanges*

## Choose from the finest range of watches in Britain

There are 9 watches on this page, but they are just a few of the finest and widest selection of watches available in this country today. Prices start from £10.12.6., and your jeweller will be delighted to help you in choosing that very special Christmas present. If you write to us, we will send you immediately the latest Rolex and Tudor brochure and the name and address of your nearest Rolex jeweller. If you live or are going to live abroad the Personal Export Scheme is available to you.



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P.58 In 9-carat gold with a 17-jewel Rolex precision movement, this watch has a most smart and wonderfully flexible bracelet. Price £79.17.6.

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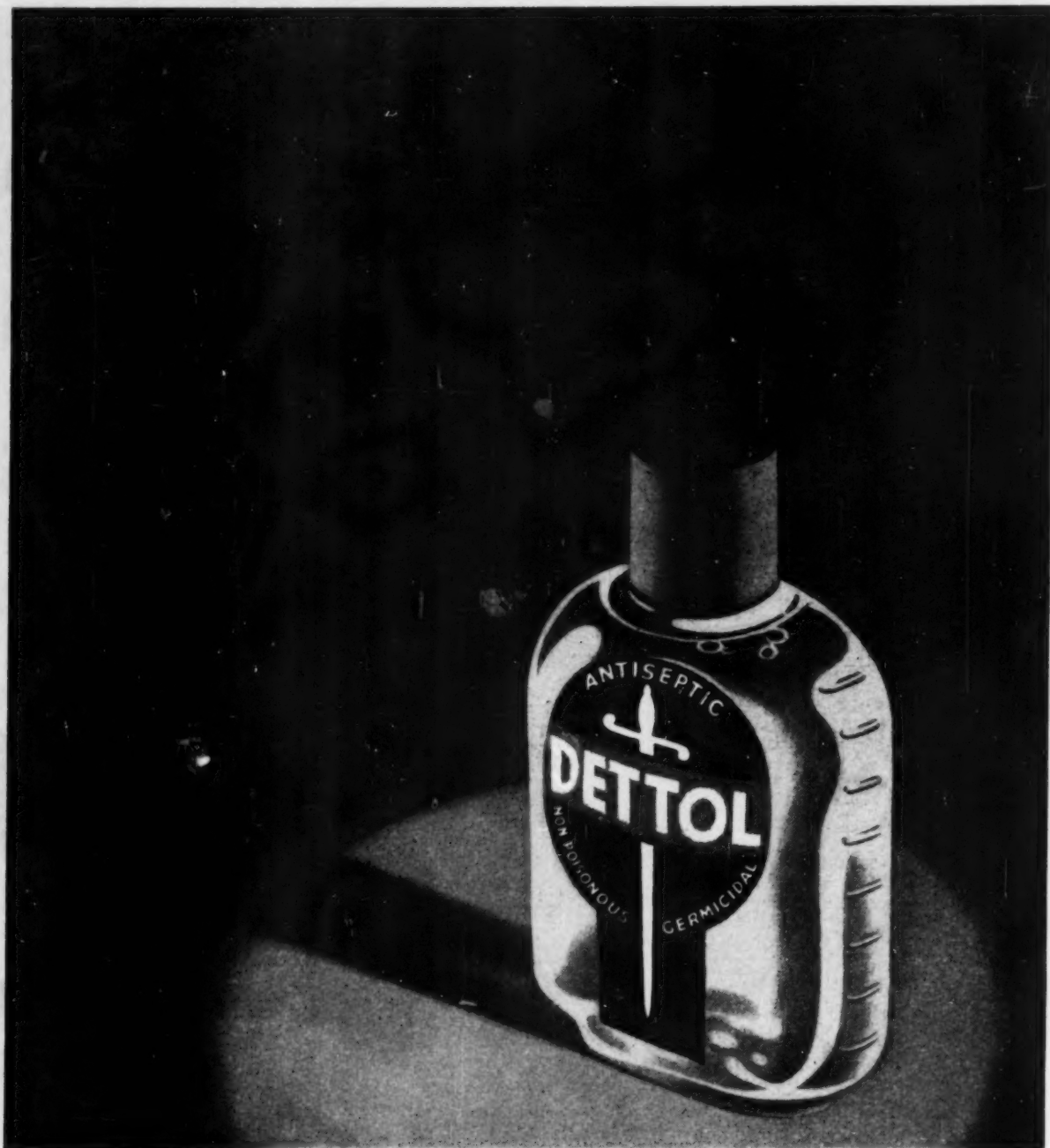
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The Tudor Prince Oysterdate, introduced by Rolex with 17-jewel movement, waterproof Oyster case, and superanti-magnetic "roof" self-winding mechanism. And the date is shown in a window cut in the dial! £37. Tudor Oyster models from £24.



### 'Ladies and Gentlemen

During the past hour in Britain some seventy-five brand new young people have come safely into this world. I am happy to say that I was there to welcome nearly every one of them.'

In our maternity homes and hospitals and by visiting nurses and doctors, 'Dettol' is the antiseptic almost invariably chosen to protect the mother, before, during and after childbirth.

*'Dettol', the safe way to safety in your own home wherever and whenever infection threatens.*





## CHARIVARIA

**R**ETURNING from a fortnight's visit to Russia, Dr. Donald Soper reported that the Russian people were "not a sullen discontented lot who whispered their hopes of a counter-revolution in dark corners." Parallel hopes in the West should not be too readily dashed by this, however. In a territory of two hundred million people and nearly nine million square miles you can't get into all the dark corners—even in a whole fortnight.

### No Takers

BRITISH Railways are reported to be considering a suggestion that trains with facilities for meals should "carry a priced menu in each compartment." It would certainly ease the crush in the dining car.

### Frankenstein, Inc.

PUSH-BUTTON production, says the president of the U.S. Congress of Industrial Organizations, is leading to an excess of goods which can only be taken up if men are given higher wages to buy them with. Even then, of course, there could be difficulties. A man



finding an extra fifty dollars in his pay envelope may want to spend it on a good dinner, or save it for his old age, and not use it to skim off the current production surplus of electric-light bulbs, artificial limbs, canned fish or self-inflating dinghies. Where's your democracy if you can't get into a friend's house for unburstable white-sided motor tyres?

### How Many Beans?

NOTIFICATION from the Ministry of Agriculture that the current price of

hen food "is more than 6½d. but less than 1s. 1½d., below the basic price of 29s. 1d. per cwt." was received without comment by farmers. Either that, or their gratified murmurs were drowned in the clatter of electronic computers in the outbuildings.

### Beware of the Shin-Guard

ACCORDING to a Press release by the G.P.O., changes in the official dress of postmen are to result from a report by the Post Office Joint Working Party



on Uniform and Protective Clothing. What the clothing is to be protective against is not explained, but a working party of dogs is being set up just in case.

### Coffee, Women and Song

THAT "this House would welcome the introduction of the Continental Sunday" was a motion carried by one hundred and seven votes to one hundred and four in an Oxford Union debate. The narrow margin was due to some confusion over whether the Sunday referred to was post- or pre-Mendès-France.

### Fact-Finders Miss a Trick

THERE was a stupid mix-up at Hong Kong airport last week when Miss Ava Gardner and the British Parliamentary delegation were simultaneous aspirants for the use of the V.I.P. lounge. Officials conferred the privilege on the politicians in the end, and Miss Gardner had to pig it with ordinary members of the flying public. The least that the British party could have done would have been to offer the lady a little delegated hospitality, which would have been common politeness for one thing,

and for another would have provided them with at least something to tell the folks back home.

### Statute Book Banned?

MR. BOYD-CARPENTER's decision to allow night parking without lights in London's built-up areas has delighted motorists and their representative organizations, one spokesman even going so far as to congratulate the Minister on being a realist—"He is legalizing what has been going on everywhere." What better way could there be of bringing down the crime figures generally?

### Someone on the Line

TELEPHONE subscribers, already restive, were angered by the news that the new transatlantic cable can carry thirty-two conversations at the same time. The internal caller usually has to be content with a couple.

### Hard Going

WHEN the racing news gets on to the reading pages the non-sporting reader has a bewildering time. Last week's *Star* headline, "Festoon Sold for £37,800" set a typical poser, though an



early mention of Newmarket offered a clue, and after a few paragraphs it was plain that Festoon was a horse. Unfortunately chaos returned with the first cross-heading: "Bought By Brother."

### Disappointing

MANY viewers were disgusted and surprised when a recent Sunday night play included a love scene of unusual frankness, and the newspapers reported a great volume of complaints by letter

and telephone. These were nothing, however, to the later complaints from viewers of the Thursday night repeat who found that the scene had been cut out.

### Grow Up Like Daddy

CHRISTMAS toys this year are fully restored to pre-war standards of quality and variety. Parents of a serious turn are sure to swamp the London department store now advertising eight barrels and a bottle in miniature as an "educational toy for the tinies."

### His History's a Blank

CHARACTERS in the "Archers" programme have incurred the displeasure of the Rev. F. M. Tapply, vicar of All Saints, Highgate, who points out that such substitutes for profanity as "Gosh"



and "Golly" are constantly being used. Things may get worse now that Sir Gerald Kelly is free to join the cast.

### Arms Race, Latest

REPORTING from Geneva a correspondent of *The Times* tells of a claim by Herr Klein, a German engineer, that one of Hitler's secret weapons was a flying saucer, planned in 1942. To-day, adds Herr Klein, two types of flying disc are being produced, one with a diameter of fifty-two feet, the other of a hundred and thirty-eight feet. Which one of these is American, and which Russian, will depend on who comes out first with a claim to having the biggest flying saucer in the world.

### Rollicking Reading

"ANY other beat-the-blues cures?" asks the *Daily Express*, at the foot of a reader's letter recommending a browse through the family photograph album as a remedy for low spirits. What about a browse through your old album of letters to the Press?

### Cup that Cheers

Good cup, your feeble cheer alone  
No longer will suffice,  
For now you should inebriate  
To justify your price.

## Fantastic, Impracticable, Unsound

NOT since Wren has there been such a serious threat to the City of London as the New Barbican scheme, described by Mr. H. S. Syrett to the Common Council in the stirring epithets that head this article: they have the true note of realism affronted by presumptuous dreams. The Civic Fathers, worthy descendants of those who preserved the City after the Great Fire, have staved off the reconstruction of blitzed areas for nearly ten years. The Government for some time helped them by providing just the right kind of refusals, which they loyally accepted without clamour or vulgarly attempting to rally the rest of England behind them. The success with which they have pursued their policy can be seen most dramatically in the forty acres between Moorgate and Aldersgate, where the stumps of bombed buildings and prospects of gay herbs testify to the Corporation's determination not to be rushed.

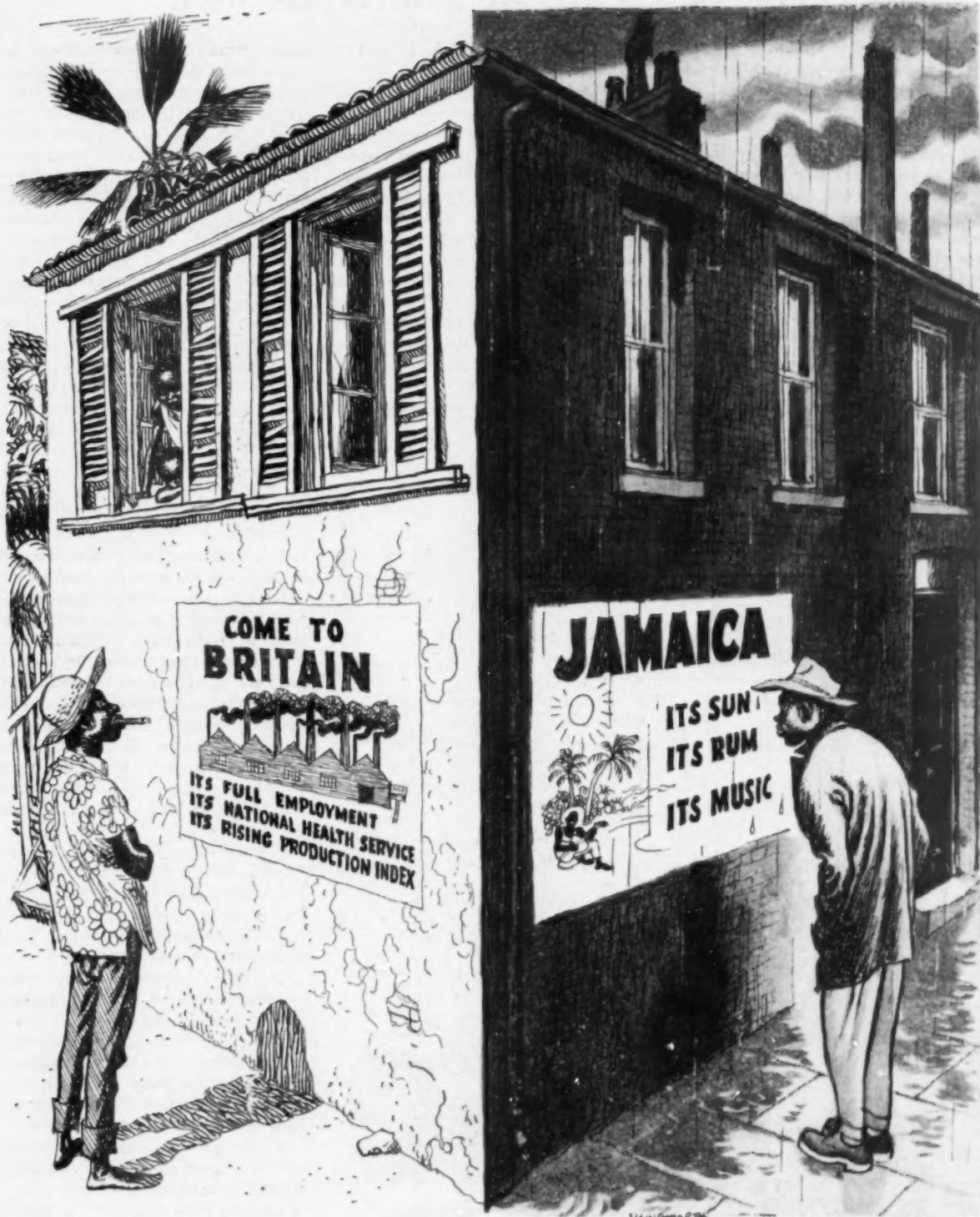
Ten years is only a short time in the life of our leading City, which goes back into the mists of antiquity and is, in its layout, architectural vitality and government, the envy of the world. It was rather impertinent, though no doubt kindly meant, of an impatient unofficial committee to commission three bright young architects to work out in more detail the conceptions with which some time before they had excited all who were interested in rebuilding our

smashed towns. The Improvements and Town Planning Committee of the Corporation have now had their critical report on this scheme adopted by the Court of Common Council and, at least for the moment, there seems little danger of any worrying Improvements. Not that the site will continue to remain derelict, brooded over only by wild, moorland birds and an occasional foreigner wondering whether the City of London is still worth trading with. For bits of it there are envisaged a number of schemes that the Improvements Committee regard as "more conventional in character" and offering "a more realistic opportunity for redeveloping the area."

The New Barbican Scheme, sometimes described as a skyscraper, is more like a range of terraces with an occasional high tower, combining factories, warehouses, offices, houses and flats. It would require an enormous amount of money, and though it is true that this would be more than recouped by the rents, with so many people wanting to be in the middle of the City, large figures are large figures. Something over £50 million has been mentioned, the cost of six Brabazons. In other ways, too, the scheme causes discomfort. It proposes to use not the well-tried techniques that have served building in the past but newer methods which, while no doubt all right in Slough or Coventry, are hardly the thing for the economic centre of the Empire. Building regulations would have to be altered, and one does not lightly tamper with the wisdom of the ages. It ignores the fact that while five stories of offices are economic, placing five residential stories above them at once reduces the site yield.

The combination of low and high buildings, the connection of varying levels by ramps and bridges, the building of platforms so that the railway that already crosses the site can bring goods direct to the warehouses—these suggest mania. A city rising gently out of the middle of the City is just the kind of madman's dream that we might expect to appeal to Ludwig of Bavaria rather than to the present custodians of the Moorgate-Aldersgate area, that extravagant monument to a decade of sobriety and restraint. R. G. G. P.







## The Sad Fate of Courteous Men

**T**HIS Noonan reminded you of a ripe olive, and did so whether you were only looking at him, or talking to him too. Carnations, or other flowers according to the season and even the time of day, bloomed in his button-hole as he mixed drinks, or supervised the mixing of drinks, behind the bar of the small Falls Hotel, in a country area which at one time, it had been thought, was going to be the centre of the Irish tourist industry but turned out somehow to be in the wrong part of Tipperary.

What Noonan liked was a nice relationship with people; he wanted to find out what people would like, and then let them have that.

First time I ever visited the Falls

By CLAUD COCKBURN

Hotel, Noonan was evidently under the impression that I was some kind of relic of the old Anglo-Irish, something out of the Somerville and Ross country; or else that I had recently fled from other territories and was looking for that long-lost land.

Without much preliminary he told me that he himself, in younger days, had been a Captain of the Indian Mounted Police, and had galloped often over the plains of Bengal, sabreing subversive elements. Admitting that his premise was mistaken, it was otherwise a kindly thing to say. It made for a friendly atmosphere. And if a person was rude

enough to challenge Noonan direct he would listen to these coarse challenges without either annoyance or hilarity, simply treating them as part of the general chat of the bar and maintaining an attitude which seemed to suggest that if people on the other side of the bar chose to find it incredible that he should claim such things, that was their very good right. He said to me once, when a lot of people were joking and sneering at his extraordinarily contradictory remarks, that he always tried to create a nice atmosphere and that he felt that people enjoyed themselves.

A little later, when he had guessed that I was in some way connected with what he termed "the writing game," he gave up clicking his heels and saluting when I came into the place, and abandoned too his practice of lamenting the good old days of the British military occupation and the Royal Irish Constabulary.

About the time that everyone started to get so worried about the atom bomb, which was a time too when Noonan had assured himself that his second guess about me was correct, he told me that in the old days he personally had been a great reader. His room upstairs above the bar, he said, had been filled with books. "Mainly," he said, "Thucydides." But now, he said, the atom bomb had got on his nerves to a most terrible extent, and he found he could not read the type of book he had previously enjoyed.

"Would you believe it now," he said, "that nowadays I can't read anything like that at all? Can you imagine the kind of thing I read now?"

I tried to think what a nervously upset man, previously an addict of Thucydides, would be reduced to under conditions of the atomic age. I hazarded the suggestion that he was doping himself with Dickens, or some light reading of this kind. He shook his head in fearful melancholy and said "No, no, nothing like that. Nothing but the back numbers of *Men Only*."

It turned out that the current numbers were always too poignantly topical to be borne.

I believe I am right in saying that he never read either Thucydides or *Men Only*, but it was clear, and indeed was



Anna Finner



touching, that he should seek to establish some *rapprochement* with the predicament of writing men in general in a violent age.

I once heard him defending, a little diffidently, the attitude of some persons in a neighbouring town who had made themselves somewhat notorious by continuing to defend, and to deal with, the British Forces at a moment when all Irish patriots had severed relations.

"But you see," said Noonan, "they thought the British were going to win."

A lot of people thought this a terribly cynical and unpatriotic remark, and so I suppose it was, but he had to find an explanation for the behaviour of everyone, and it had to be an explanation that came out in a nice way.

The last time I saw him was only a

couple of weeks ago. He was sitting across from me in a railway carriage, with a boy of seven years old who turned out to be his nephew. This boy, who seemed to be keenly observant, presently noticed from the position of the sun, and its beams falling into the carriage, that the train, instead of going straight, was apparently describing a semi-circle. He wanted to know why.

Noonan, who had never been on this section of the line before and had no idea why the train was behaving in this way, unhesitatingly produced an interesting explanation. He said that the train was skirting a range of enormous mountains.

The nephew nodded in vigorous satisfaction. What were the mountains called?

They were called, said Noonan, the Great Rathkeely mountains. Were they the highest mountains in Ireland? Certainly they were, by a long chalk. What sort of people lived in the Great Rathkeely mountains?

In the course of the next ten minutes Noonan had those non-existent mountains populated by a splendid and varied collection of exciting and delightful beings, including a reasonable number of beneficent giants.

All the children in the mountains had a whale of a time. The people of the Great Rathkeely mountains ate enormously, sang at the tops of their voices, gave one another magnificent presents, and had continuous fun.

The nephew was left with his mouth open, smiling and nodding. At length

Noonan ran out of either breath or material and there was a pause. The nephew was obviously pursuing the story farther in his head.

"And then," he said after a minute or two, "Spacemen from outer space"—his face was one great smile of ecstasy at the thought—"came with super-spaceships, and super-spaceguns and supersonic rockets, and there was a tremendous war, bang bang, and everything was blown to pieces, wasn't it, Uncle? It was, wasn't it?"

He clapped his hands at the thought of the tremendous bang, and when Noonan for two seconds said nothing, looked at him eagerly, the smile shadowed by a faint anxiety.

"It was," he repeated, "wasn't it, Uncle?"

Now for a moment, looking at Noonan as he grieved for the people of the Great Rathkeely mountains, I thought that he was about to go back upon the principles of a lifetime. Then he pulled himself together.

"Yes," he said, "that's what happened."

II  
NOEL BASING was a man of delicate civility who liked to agree with people if he could, but



thought it the height of discourtesy to agree with what he knew to be an untruth.

"To do so," he would say, "is like agreeing with a man that he is on the right road for Winchester when you know that in point of fact he is headed for Oxford."

The meticulous consideration for the interests of others got him first into difficulties and then ruined him.

He was in London to attend a crucial meeting at which the fate and future of his small business was to be decided. The meeting had been called for half-past ten, and was going to be a brisk one, because the man whose word one way or another could make or break the business had only three quarters of an hour to spare for this particular negotiation.

Basing came off a train from the North with some time to spare, and went to have a trim of the hair and a shave at his customary barber's shop. As soon as Basing was in the chair his favourite barber—a man of wide interests but, as Basing always asserted, rather sketchy and superficial of knowledge, entered into conversation and pretty soon was speaking of the Nicene creed.

In the course of this he made a statement about the rôle of the Emperor Constantine at the Council of Nicæa, which, as Basing always insisted afterwards, was not merely dubious but provenly untrue. It took Basing nearly three quarters of an hour of argument and citation of evidence to convince the man of his error. He was thirty-five minutes late at the meeting, and by the time he got there the Very Important Person had stormed out in a rage, leaving the business to its fate, which was bankruptcy.

III  
UP in Inverness-shire George Robertson had a fine house, a salmon river, good shooting, and a very fierce wife, who began to make him feel that despite the salmon, etc., life was not worth living.

He thought about it a lot, for he was a kind man who liked to do the right thing, but one Wednesday morning he came to the final conclusion that the thing for him to do was to walk out of the house and Inverness-shire, leaving her with the broad acres and the salmon.

He aimed to tell her this on that very evening.

He spent the afternoon putting his papers in order, and while doing so came across some correspondence which suddenly reminded him that he had invited the Merivales to spend the coming week-end at the house in Inverness. The Merivales lived in Edinburgh and were far from well-to-do. They loved fishing and shooting but got very little opportunity to do either.

George Robertson saw at once that to put them off simply on the grounds that he was leaving his wife would be a rude blow to them and a piece of the most selfish discourtesy.

His wife had expected that he was going to leave her and was quite pleased about it. She was surprised that he did not raise the matter that Wednesday or on the succeeding days.

When the Merivales arrived for the week-end Robertson was worried by the thought that their stay might be spoilt for them by some suggestion of tension in the domestic atmosphere. He therefore exerted himself immensely to display affection and complaisance towards Mrs. Robertson. She was much pleased, because although she had originally wanted him to get out, she felt that if he was going to be as complaisant as all this it would be better in all respects if he were to stay. Also, since he was determined not to have any kind of scene which might mar the happiness of the Merivales, she was able to involve him in a whole web of plans and promises for the future which made it impossible for him to consider carrying out his original plan. When the Merivales left they said to Robertson "How wonderful for you to feel that you can stay in this glorious place for the rest of your life!"

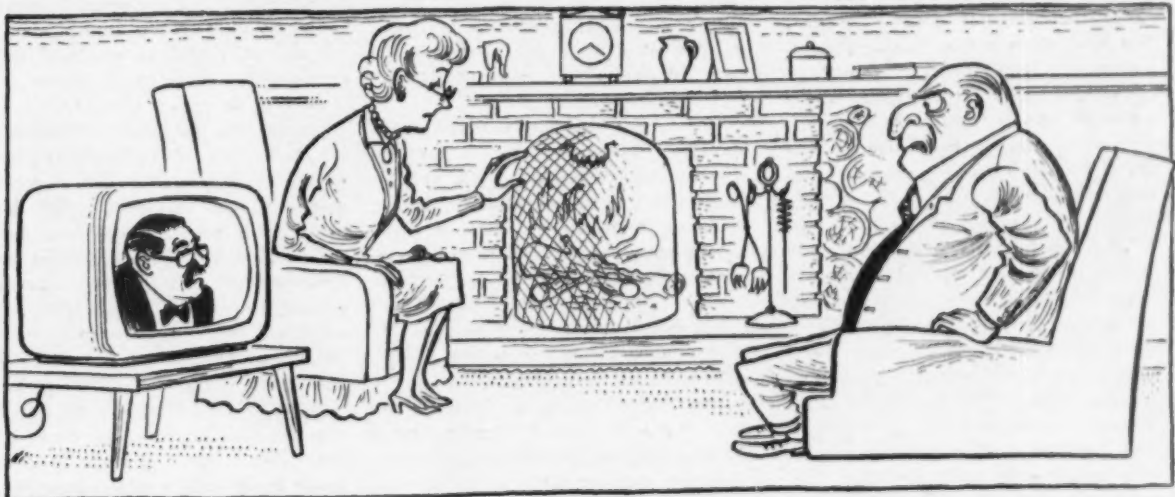
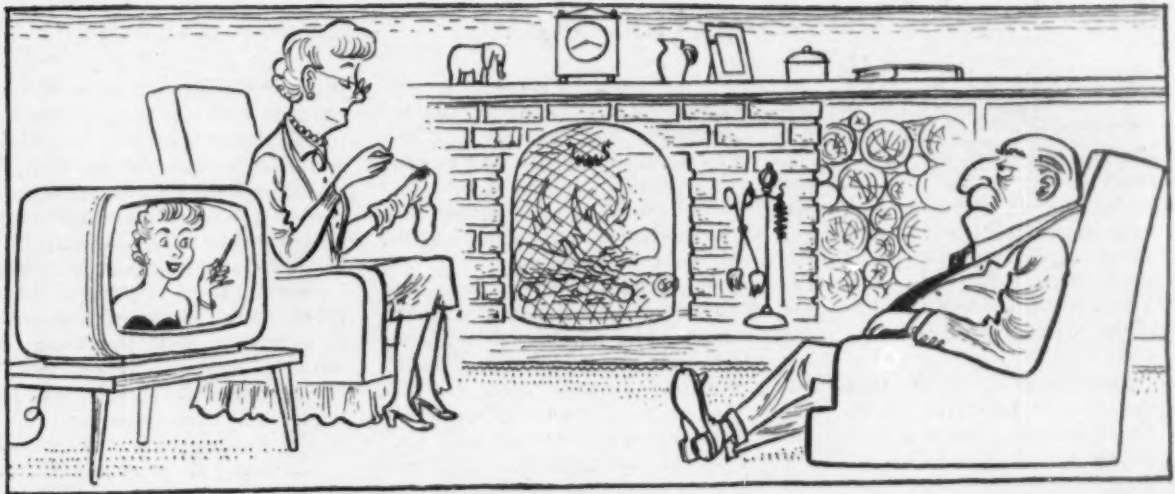
When they were alone in the Edinburgh train Mrs. Merrivale said "Rather awful the way they cooed and coozled publicly all the time. Quite spoiled my week-end."

"A new rule drawn up for Hinckley Public Library and submitted to Hinckley Urban Council last night will prevent admission to the library of persons who are disorderly, unclean or in a state of intoxication. It will also ban smoking, betting and other 'objectionable practices.' Dogs will not be allowed on the premises."

Leicester Mercury

You won't know the place.





# The Seed-Pod and the Kale

By LORD KINROSS

THE holly and the ivy now both are full well grown. But for the Elite it will be a holly-less, ivy-less Christmas. The ladies of England, arbiters of taste and fashion from Surbiton to Solihull and from Dorchester to Hull, have so decreed it. For them, above all the trees that are in the wood, the cabbage bears the crown. Theirs is the new-fashioned Christmas of the gilded seed-pod and the silvered kale.

This process of evolution began with the dawn of Democracy in the early nineteen-thirties, when a lady aptly named Spry filled a marble urn in a Bond Street shop window with weeds. Then she added to them some leaves of cabbage, discreetly touched by the frost. Not long afterwards a leading Liberal hostess, marrying her daughter with an eye on the marginal vote, decorated the whole of St. Margaret's, Westminster, with cow parsley. This initiated a new era of Floral Democracy, and with it a new pastime Spryly called Painting Pictures with Flowers—and with Weeds.

The ladies of England, notoriously artistic by nature, but progressive too, hence no longer content, as their grandmothers were, to paint water-colours, do embroidery, or play the piano, discovered a new outlet for their suppressed creative urge. They began to arrange flowers. Encouraged by the assurance that "anyone, and I really mean *anyone*, can be an artist with flowers," they became part of a great Freemasonry of Flowers. Initiated into the mysteries of this floral arrangement, they learnt how

the eye "should be led from the *fine* height to the *weighty* depth," how the focal point, falling beneath the tallest element, "can be emphasized even more by the addition of interesting leaves and berries," how to get a highlight from a pineapple and a lowlight from the golden skin of an onion.

They learnt how, before foliage is put into a vase, each leaf should be "gently massaged with a damp cloth so that the high, polished lights may be seen to full advantage." They learnt that the "brilliant weed" from the bombed site "needs care if it is to last when picked." Their eyes were opened to the beauties of wild oats, wild parsnip, and Old Man's Beard, lichen and thistles, gourds and fungi, the leaves of beetroot and artichoke, the hearts of decorative kales, "dramatic and with the quality of a Chinese drawing."

"When your coffee-pot is not in use," they read, "try it as a flower container"; or if not the coffee-pot, or the sauce-boat, or the cake-basket, then "an old-fashioned soup tureen, a small preserving-pan—even a camouflaged deep roasting-tin or papier mâché kitchen bowl."

But to-day the ladies of Britain are Spryer far than their prototype. Last week there was held, at the New Horticultural Hall, the annual Academy of the National Floral Arrangement Society. Here was the striking apotheosis of a new creative art. In an unprogressive past art imitated nature, creating, in terms of floral skill, artificial flowers that looked real. But to-day,

thanks to these more progressive ladies, nature imitates art. Around these walls, winning handsome prizes, were Christmas arrangements—for the table, for the sideboard, for the mantelpiece—of real flowers, plucked from the hedgerows, the woods and the gardens, but all looking, triumphantly, artificial.

Here was the death-knell of holly in polite society. The sole arrangement of it, by a mere gentleman, more Conservative than the ladies, won no commendation. A major had placed but a sprig of it, *in memoriam*, before a vase of the leaves of kale and artichoke.

Everywhere the dead prevailed over the living. Dead, brown hydrangeas lined the walls of the Central Telephone Area's crèche. First prizes went to galaxies of naked boughs and seed-heads—delphinium, thistle, poppy, leek—all lavishly gilded and silvered and whitened with coats of aluminium paint. Nature, so aided, had achieved triumphs of the milliner's art. The leaves of magnolia and maidenhair had been skeletonized with rare corrosive sodas, to emerge diaphanous as leaves of spun nylon and tulle. Evergreens had become evergolds, painted, coated with glue, sprinkled with fine-ground metals, resembling frost or snow, to shine like diamanté on leaves of rayon and satin.

Ferns had been kept alive by ingenious chemical preservatives. Fir cones were enamelled brilliant scarlet. A champagne bottle held a gilded palm-frond. Another bottle, with a candle, and wax of all colours running down it, stood with an orchid in a grotto of toadstools, tied with a Cellophane ribbon. A single green candle, thin as a pencil, emerged from a bunch of laurels, their leaves veined white. Plastic choir-boys perched on a branch of lichen. Three angels stood stiffly, with basketwork faces, chrysanthemum robes, and wings of bamboo fluff. Father Christmas wore a beard of bamboo fluff.

Improving on nature, the leaves of one plant and the berries of a second were wired to the stalk of a third. One competitor, however, had earned a tactful rebuke: "Clever—but? P.T.O. . . . The judges liked this, and congratulate you, but the artificial berries are not according to schedule."

Art imitating nature, not nature art.





"Heavens, Eileen! This is no place for a sick man."

## Child's Guide to the Jockey Club

**Q.** PLEASE, Uncle Randolph, why has Lord Lambton been criticizing the stewards of the Jockey Club?

**A.** Because he thinks they are a lot of old fuddy-dufs and that they have been very lazy.

**Q.** Who are the stewards of the Jockey Club?

**A.** Your Uncles Gerry Fielden, Bernard Norfolk and Willoughby de Broke.

**Q.** Are the *stewards* members of the Jockey Club?

**A.** Of course.

**Q.** Do they serve drinks to the other jockeys?

**A.** Of course not; and don't be silly, members of the Jockey Club are not jockeys.

**Q.** Well, what are they?

**A.** They are rich and splendid noblemen who own racehorses; and the stewards don't serve behind the bar.

**Q.** What *do* they do then?

**A.** They tell everyone else where they get off.

**Q.** Is Lord Lambton an old fuddy-dud?

**A.** Dear me no. He is quite a young man. He is only thirty-two.

**Q.** Will they tell him where he gets off?

**A.** I wouldn't be surprised.

**Q.** Why is he a lord?

**A.** Well, he is not a real lord. He is a courtesy lord.

**Q.** What is a courtesy lord, Uncle Randolph?

**A.** A lord who is more courteous than other lords.

**Q.** How are members of the Jockey Club elected?

**A.** They elect themselves.

**Q.** Who chooses the stewards?

**A.** They choose themselves.

**Q.** What sort of people do the Jockey Club choose to be members?

**A.** Most of them are the sons of former members of the Jockey Club.

**Q.** Is Lord Lambton's father a member of the Jockey Club?





A. Yes, indeed. He is a *real* lord called Durham.

Q. Is Lord Lambton a member of the Jockey Club?

A. No. And not likely to be either. In fact, Mr. Clive Graham said in the *Daily Express* the other day that it was 33 to 1 against him being elected a member of the Jockey Club for a very long time.

Q. Are the members of the Jockey Club allowed to bet on horses?

A. Certainly, unless they are stewards at a race meeting.

Q. Are the jockeys allowed to bet?

A. Of course not, unless they are "gentlemen riders."

Q. Why are jockeys not allowed to bet?

A. Because if they did they might be tempted to pull their horses.

Q. Who tells the jockeys how to ride their horses?

A. The trainers and the owners.

Q. Are the trainers and the owners allowed to bet?

A. Yes. Of course.

Q. Why?

A. Because they could not afford to own and manage racehorses if they didn't. Some of them can hardly afford to even then.

Q. What did you mean, Uncle Randolph, when you said that the owners and trainers could tell their jockeys how to run their races? Don't the stewards tell the jockeys how to run them?

A. Certainly. They have said that every horse should be run "on its merits."

Q. What does that mean?

A. That every horse should try to win the race.

Q. What is a "pace-maker," Uncle Randolph?

A. Sometimes an owner or trainer has two horses in a race and he thinks that one could run very fast to begin with and exhaust all the other horses so much that another horse who was a friend of his might win it.

Q. Is this allowed?

A. No one really knows. But everyone thinks that racing would be very silly if it were not.

Q. Why then don't my uncles alter the rules so as to make it legal?

A. I suppose that they are so busy doing other things.

Q. What have they been doing?

A. Well, for instance, Uncle Gerry runs a lot of canteens to entertain soldiers, sailors and airmen, and Uncle Bernard is very fond of playing cricket.

Q. When they are not playing cricket and entertaining the troops what have they been doing?

A. They have been trying to persuade the Government to allow the Totalisator Board to give more money to the horses which win races.

Q. Have they succeeded?

A. No. Lord Lambton says they have been talking to the wrong uncles. They have let quite ordinary people like the

Totalisator Board go round to the Home Office instead of themselves asking the Cabinet out to dinner.

Q. Who is the head of the Tote?

A. General Sir Miles Dempsey.

Q. Has he any other job?

A. Of course. He is Commander-in-Chief U.K. Land Forces (Designate).

Q. Why is the Cabinet interested in all this?

A. Because the people who own racehorses say that they earn a lot of dollars in America by selling their horses there.

Q. Why were people so angry when those Khans sold a lot of their racehorses to America?

A. Because they were very fast horses. The Treasury and the Jockey Club only like people selling slow horses to foreigners. They would prefer people who own fast horses to keep them in England.

Q. Does the Government allow people here to buy horses in America?

A. Certainly not.

Q. Why not?

A. They say they haven't any dollars. Only really rich people like the Irish are allowed to do that.

Q. Where did that American lady get all that money to buy that expensive horse at Newmarket the other day?

A. By selling lipstick to horsy ladies so as to make them look less like horses.

Q. Is it true that great-uncle Winston is a member of the Jockey Club?

A. Yes, indeed.

Q. Why did he become a member of the Jockey Club?

A. Well, his father, your great-great-uncle Randolph, was a member before him and I dare say the members thought that he might tell the Treasury to be kind to General Dempsey.

Q. Uncle Randolph, will you be a member of the Jockey Club one day?

A. Not after writing this article.

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

### Christmas Cards

NINE assorted robins, pecking at some holly,  
Half a dozen coaching inns, Dickensianly jolly,  
Twenty village churches, steeple-high in snow,  
Fourteen stately English homes, their casements all aglow . . .

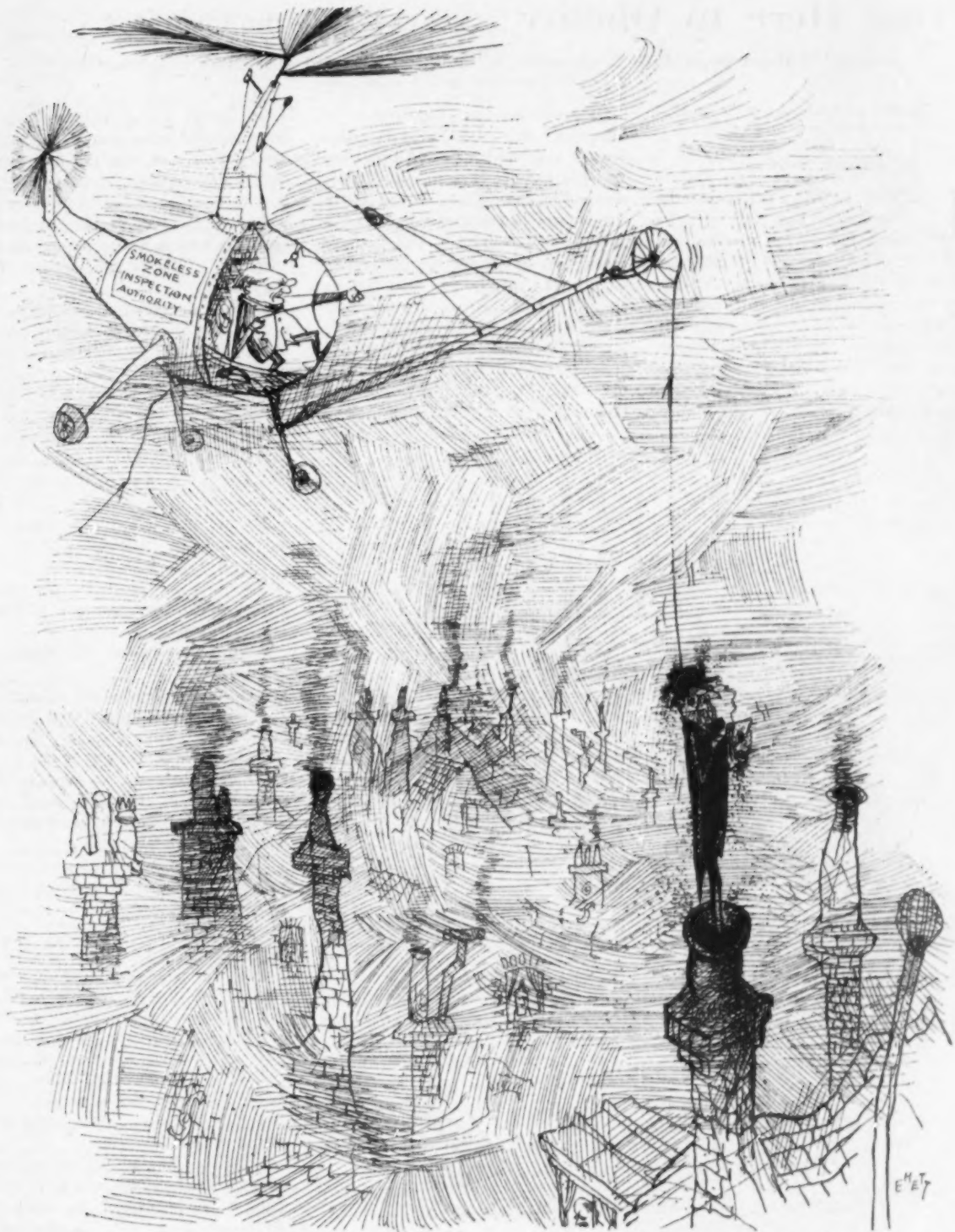
Age cannot wither them,

Custom cannot stale,

But infinite variety?—

Ah, that's another tale!

E. R.



"Definitely not smokeless fuel..."

# From Here to Obesity

By RICHARD USBORNE

*General William Hoge, U.S. Commander in Europe, has issued a "Reduce weight or else" order to fat men in his command.*

*Gentlemen-rankers out on a spree  
Damned from here to Eternity  
Let's have another cal-or-ie,  
Ba! Yah! Bah!*

**L**ISTEN, he said, I got work to do. This kitchen deal is going to be touch and go for a while, and I'll need all my time, but I think I can swing it, if I have the luck. And he got up quickly off the bed and left to make out Angelo's promotion. He didn't want to lose a good sax-player from the Company orchestra, not through overweight. Capt James grinned; his one-sided, beat-up, off-beat grin.

He made Angelo a First Cook with a First and Fourth, dropped Jassy back to Second Cook and First and Sixth, and sent Pfc Schultz back to straight duty shorn of his Sixth Class. It was just the way James had planned it. But he always hated to have to pull his rank, even when it was for the good of his Company. And the rest of it was just as easy as that. It was so ridiculously easy that it seemed incredible.

Angelo had anticipated trouble with the cooks. They balked at the assumed authority of the newcomer. Fat Jassy,

Jassy with the G.I. beer-paunch, watching the wind change and seeing his own star set, was the ring-leader. But Angelo took him out on the green and beat him up so bad he was afraid to speak again at all. Angelo spat the last words at him as he lay twisted up and bleeding: "Watch your weight, Fat-stuff."

By the end of a week Capt James was sure he had discovered a kitchen genius. Angelo loved his kitchen, it was already "his." He drove himself as hard or harder than he drove the cooks and the KPs. No starches, no skin of chicken, no cheese with apple pie. Coffee without cream. No twice of cornflakes, and no more than two cans of beer per Pfc.

He called Jassy down about the breakfast eggs.

"How many times I have to tell you to measure how much butter you put in scrambled eggs," he said. "Throw this mess out."

"But thats wasteful. I'll have to do them over."

"It'd be more wasteful to throw it out after we've served it and the men wont eat it," Angelo said. "You saw the Hoge order. Throw it out."

"But there wont be time to start another batch, Chuck," Jassy said, trying to twist out of it, using Angelo's first name as a protection.

"I said throw it out. Leave me give you a tip, friend. If we have to hold chow, we'll hold it. But we wont feed these men fat-slop. Will we?"

"My eggs aint fat-slop, Chuck."

"Fatslop yourself. Throw it out," Angelo said, like an umpire calling the play at second base against the crowd. "And when you come back turn your goddam oven down, unless you want to serve the Pfc's scrambled rubber. You have to do them over twice, you will be late. And button up your goddam fatigue blouse."

"Oh, God," Jassy said, looking at the ceiling, "I don't know why it always falls on me. Here," he bawled at Svenson, "You. KP. Whatsyername. Throw this stuff out."

"You know my name, Fatso," Svenson said.





"There," Jassy said, squinch-eyed, to Angelo. "You hear that? That's insubordination. He been doing that to me all day."

"Throw it out yourself," Angelo grinned. "He's cookin his breakfast. You're the one that ruins it."

"All right," Jassy said. "By god all right I will. A Mess Sergeant who wont even stand up for his own cooks."

"Whats that?" Angelo said.

"Nothing," Jassy said. He wanted to stay on the gravytrain.

Along with stricter diet went stricter discipline. Sloppiness in eating was no longer allowed, and Angelo enforced this new rule like a tyrant. A man who slopped catsup over his plate onto the oilcloth would suddenly find himself outside the door in the middle of a meal. The KPs lived a life of hell on earth, yet the reflective eyes in Angelo's sad sneering laughing face were always soft and no KP could force himself to hate him. They saw him working just as hard as they did, no afternoon sacktime, and they chortled at the way he rode the cooks. Even fat Jassy was forced to work. Work hard. The first time since he came to The Profession.

\* \* \* \* \*

In less than two weeks, before the end of March, Sergeant Heuth, topkicker of G Company, was weighed to drums and in a hollow square. Two hundred and fifteen, without bifocals. He lost his sergeantcy *pffft*. He was broken to a private. Capt James could be as hard as the next man, when it was necessary. He called Heuth in and told him bluntly and militarily. Because after all, it was Heuth's own fault, nobody could have given him more of a chance than Capt James. He gave Heuth a choice between transferring to another company in the Regiment, or transferring to another regiment, because you can't let a former high-ranking noncom stay in his outfit as a private, its bad for discipline.

Heuth chose the other regiment because he was ashamed. He said nothing. There was nothing he could say. His gravytrain days were over. He was a broken man. Capt James had had him busted. Busted flat.

"Captain," Sgt Thorp said, after he had left, "how you want me to make this order out? Busted for 'Deliberate Obesity'?"

"Why, yes," James said. "How else would one make it?"

"Well, I thought maybe we might make it 'Insubordination.' Everybody gets busted for insubordination sometime or other. A man who aint been busted for insubordination aint a soldier yet. But 'Deliberate Obesity,' a man who's got that on his record's done."

"Why, yes, Sgt," James said. "Make it 'Insubordination.' I dont guess anybody'll know, will they? Heuth ought to have a break, as long as it doesn't interfere with my Company's orchestra. After all, he served with me in Leavenworth."

"Yes, Sir," Sgt said.

Captain James thought about Magdalene. The Colonel would want her at the Brigadier's party. He'd have to talk her into going, some way. If she would only consent to be nice to the old duffer, it might mean an easy draw for the Company into the orchestra finals.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night Angelo bought the traditional boxes of cigars and passed them out at chow. Everybody was happy with the new food, new management, and new rating. Pvt Heuth ate in obscurity at a back table, already completely forgotten, displaying that almost touching mark in soldiering: the dark spots on his sleeves from which the stripes had been removed.

Angelo, Sgt, Levy, Svenson and Pop Bauer celebrated the occasion and christened Angelo's three stripes with beer at a private table in the shouting befogged interior of Wu's. There were four fights that night, and Big Chief had to be transported home in the usual manner. Levy went over for the big two-wheeled machinegun cart and with much straining and grunting the huge limp Choctaw was dumped in and carted home by the other four. They were all alright, thin men, athletes, trustworthy, never goin to break a hundred and eighty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Magdalene stood on the weighing machine in the bathroom. She was not wearing any leis . . .

~ ~

#### Painful Choice

"Ian Johnson, who has been tipped for the captaincy of the Australian Test side, showed he is still one of the best shin bowlers in this country."

*Rand Daily Mail*



"It's about . . . slow."

## The Scholar Postman

"The Post Office is the greatest benefactor of the modern undergraduate."—An Oxford student in a newspaper interview.

WHEN lads come home from college

At Abdon under Clew  
They lightly wear their knowledge  
Of Greek philosophy,  
And, braving frost and icicles,  
Through mist and murk and hail  
They sally forth on bicycles  
To carry Christmas mail.

Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*

Is cast aside unread  
While Greetings of the Season  
Are served on Uncle Fred,  
And cards from countless nieces  
Showered o'er each ample aunt—  
For so a lad increases  
His County Council grant.

With paper hats for parties  
And ties for Cousin John,  
The aesthetes and the hearties  
They blithely stagger on,  
Until the shade advances  
At last on Boxing Day,  
When others hie to dances  
And to bed they.

E. V. MILNER

# Bright Windows

By G. W. STONIER



**B**Y Jove, we've stopped opposite Gracie: nude in furs (wax though she is), she catches the eye...

Beware of bus tops. They lure more than any café. If tables aren't yet provided, that may come. One can sit and smoke, enjoying a whole crowded hour of Oxford Street; the panorama, Strand—Trafalgar—Piccadilly is ours for the ticket-punch. Some bus routes were obviously designed for no other purpose. Why out of Beds and Bucks should old

fellows joggle up to Marylebone but to get a front seat on the No. 1 bus in the yard? Its amazing slow rumba through the West End and arrival at Surrey Docks about sunset is worth a weekend's saucer-piling in the Rue de la Paix. That this bus was never meant for utilitarian service anyone who has tried waiting for it will testify.

All metropolitan bus-goers are loafers at heart, or they'd walk; and if ever we should be defeated in war—inconceivable, of course—we'll be told afterwards we lost it on bus tops. Those mornings outside banks and insurances, afternoons by Green Park.

To our downfall—still courting the impossible—shops would have contributed largely. Or at least shop windows. I have been an addict for years. Who, more than I, has relished that heavenly harp ensemble, sixteen harps eternally waiting, in the Old Brompton Road? Or Jou-Jou waving from the waves secure in The Perfect Bust Support for Bathing that has served her these forty-five years? Or the Protruding Toe among the jokes that increase your popularity, the Rimless Spectacled Lady smiling from the optician's, those Old Chinese Eggs like little green hedgehogs, at 10d. apiece? I know where to go for them. I know where will be found Beer Pulls, and Dog Baths and Requisites. I could lay my hand on a dozen beautiful, bald ladies' heads. I need never be without a crocodile, or the suit of armour to go with it. I know where to get the Fall tattooed on my back, where to pick up a disguise as an S.S.-man

(small). I know some Old Masters and who paints them. My knowledge—now I come to think of it—is considerable, and I could write an out-of-the-way guide to London shop windows. But how often have I set foot inside?

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm afraid to start. Long ago I went to a tailor—whose exceedingly modest windows in a famous by-street should have warned me—and ordered a forty-guinea suit. It was a very wonderful suit; and the tailor, an intelligent clubbable man, discovered that I had just enough coupons (so he said—yes, it *was* long ago) to get an overcoat worthy of the suit. It, too, cost forty guineas. Well, I wore and wear the suit on occasion; but the suit *and* the coat, never. For no sooner had I stepped out in the sunshine than I discovered I would need new and better shoes; hat; shirts; ties; taxi... All this, within forty-eight hours at the most, could have but one end; and I slunk home, smart and hungry, not having dared look in anywhere for a meal. I hung my overcoat in the cupboard. It is as good to-day, and above moths and fleeting fashion, as ever it was. Every couple of years or so comes a friendly note from my tailor with the parenthetic "No doubt, with summer coming on" (or winter, as the case may be) "you will be thinking of..." Thinking twice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now and then a sudden questing will seize me. I'll run everywhere. What am

I looking for? A steak tenderizer, let's say; but what smiling and shrugging; wouldn't I rather an electric mincer? Or I have occasion for a red nose with a ginger moustache. Or a kinkajou. Or dill: dill has led me up Cornhill and down Colindale. Or a jigsaw of a Munnings horse. I see that not all my requirements are easy. But buttons, overcoat (not *the* overcoat) buttons of a parti-coloured sort—what's so difficult about them? Yet I fly from store to store, button shop to button shop, ending up in some back-room paradise of beads, diamanté, leaf sequins, scarabs, with my button threads still dangling.

\* \* \* \* \*

I suppose I like all these windows, these pretty or odd stages, far too much ever to dream of going farther. One doesn't try to get behind a Watteau. The single riding-boot presenting its profile to the indifferent pavement is itself a work of art. So also, in other genres, are the busy Invisible Mender beside an old dummy sempstress: heads pricelessly hatted, rising out of the floor: elegant fashions worn by ghosts: art shops whose most pleasing creation is a jointed mannikin: revolving coffee drums: bicycles rearing like circus horses: and all that Christmas brings, with goose-flesh and reindeer steak, snowstorms descending on tropical fruit, office furniture bespangled, a mistletoe sprig over a commode. And most marvellous, at any time, those apparitions from real life: the window-dresser on all fours, or the fat gentleman poking his finger in a pink satiny bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

My bus has moved on. (Good view of chemists' and surplus stores.) It grows dark, at ten in the morning, and every window shines brighter, to dazzle angels or a poor devil.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Screamer

"Calcutta, Sunday.—The Indian Government will probably send an expedition this winter to the North-East region flanking Burma, where 700,000 naked Naga tribesmen are threatening to establish an independent State, the usually yell-informed Hindustan Standard reported today."

The Auckland Star



"I've always felt a bit of a cad about that one."

# HOT

4 <sup>30</sup>/<sub>4</sub>



**NO CHEESECAKE for JILL**  
Grand short complete story  
by **J. BROWN**

Kitchen forum  
*make your rubbish  
work!*

Norman Macbridge



## OUR GRAND ROMANTIC

# Shall Love's Bassoon Be Hushed?

**THE STORY SO FAR:** When THISTLE FAULKNER first took a job as secretary to LORD GRAYLESWOOD she feared that she might find time hang heavy in the secluded Queen Anne manor house with only two buses a day into the little sleepy town of Feltingham. At Grayleswood Manor her employer, though kind enough, never seemed to notice her as an individual. "You can have the aristocracy," wrote Thistle to her chum Polly at home. "I call them stuffed-shirts." But that was before the HON. DEREK GRAYLESWOOD came down from Oxford, handsome, friendly and twice capped for his college "eight." During the weeks before he drove off to London in his pale cream sports car to learn the ropes of the famous Grayleswood Fishmeal Trust, Derek had stormed and conquered Thistle's warm young heart. Without him the great house seemed chill and empty, and the winter gales blew mournfully down the Adam fireplace in the pantry of GILES the butler, where Thistle had been driven for companionship on the Monday morning of Christmas week.

## NOW READ ON:

THISTLE held her hand out to the leaping flames, and admired, despite herself, its transparent delicacy. Had Derek admired it half as

much, she wondered, that day on the lower terrace when she had teased him about his accent? Or had it been a case of "A primrose on the river's brim a simple primrose was to him"? She sighed, and told herself not to be a little fool.

All the same, this hand was the same hand that Derek had held in his broad brown one. "Your nails are too long," he had said, but something in his tone told her that it was not meant as a rebuke. You have to like people a bit, thought Thistle, before you can pass a remark of that kind, and she sighed again, just as Giles the butler re-entered the room bearing Lord Grayleswood's soiled "elevenses" on a crested salver.



"COME, Miss Faulkner," he said. "What are we so down in the dumps for this frosty morning, eh?" "I'm not," returned Thistle bravely.

"Oh, come along. You can tell your Uncle Giles!"

The butler put his hand on her knee and petted it in his kindly way. It seemed to Thistle that he had divined, in some mysterious way, that she was feeling love-sick and alone.

"How is Lord Grayleswood to-day?" she asked, changing the subject and rising from her seat rather abruptly, so

that Giles's hand fell with a sharp rap on to the seat of the beautiful old Sheraton chair.

He countered her inquiry with another.

"Wouldn't you rather know," he asked quietly, "whether the Hon. Derek is in good health?"

"Oh, I would, I would!"



THISTLE had whirled round involuntarily, and now she stood biting her lip, angry for having paraded her feelings so clearly before one who was, to all intents and purposes, practically a stranger. When she looked up she saw that Giles was gazing at her intently. Yet it was not merely an intent gaze. There was something in the butler's eyes that she had not seen before, a queer pained look. His thin lips were pursed and a slight hissing sound came from them. It was some seconds before she realized that he was saying her name.

"Thistle," said the butler. "Thistle, Thistle, Thistle."

The moment of silence was shattered by the sound of a bell ringing. Thistle glanced with relief at the indicator high on the walnut-panelled wall. "That's his Lordship wanting something," she said.

Whatever the strange spell that had been cast over Giles, it was broken now.

"By the way, Miss Faulkner," he said—"a letter came for you this morning."

"But I saw this morning's

post when Griggs brought it in to the breakfast hall," said Thistle. "There was nothing for me."

"This came by hand," said Giles, settling his tie before the small and intricately carved Grinling Gibbons shaving mirror on the massive mantel. "By the tradesmen's entrance."

As he spoke he took an envelope from his pocket and gave it to her, before passing through the green baize door which shut out the sounds of the great old house from the servants' quarters. Thistle looked after him speculatively. Once more there had been something in his tone which she did not quite understand.



A LETTER delivered for her at the tradesmen's entrance? But who could it possibly be from? Then her heart suddenly leapt. The Hon. Derek! It must be he. It would be just like him to leave a note for her at the back door... a hint, perhaps, that class considerations no longer mattered between a man and a maid in love!

She turned the envelope over, and her heart sank again. The address was not in a familiar hand. It was in pencil, and simply said "Miss T. Faulkner." There were one or two soiled fingermarks round the edges.

Well, why don't you open it, you little silly, said Thistle to herself, at the same time suiting the action to the unspoken word. The message



# SERIAL by FREDERICA STADIUM

was short, and printed in straggling pencil capitals:

*"Dearest Thistle mine (it ran)  
Am working Feltingham  
R.D.C. now, thought you might  
be interested, if so pop into  
town 5 o'clock tea at Daphne's  
Pastryshoppe to-morrow Tues-  
day (my treat) and a chat about  
old Flitch Street times, eh?"*

*As ever your affectionate*

MIKE

*P.S.—Was round with the  
dust-cart this a.m., thought I'd  
pop this in."*



SUDDENLY the message swam before the rush of hot tears that came to Thistle's eyes. Mike. Dear old tousle-headed, loyal, worshipping Mike Merryday. Suddenly all the starved, lonely months since she had left Northampton seemed to fall away, and she saw again herself and Ron and Ida, and old Mike in the hayfield by Dickie Dowd's farm. Even then she had thought that for a municipal employee he had the curliest hair she had ever seen . . .

Then, in a flash, the note was snatched away. Startled, she looked up, to see Giles the butler crunching it in his hand. His pale eyes were blazing.

"Who do you think you are," he demanded, "playing with men's hearts this way!"

**NEXT WEEK:** Thistle comes to a crossroads. Which way leads to Love?



*"Come, Miss Faulkner," he said. "What are we so down in the dumps for this frosty morning, eh?"*

# Her

10 BOUVERIE ST.  
E.C.4.

## Editorial

MY friend Annabel was on the front lawn in her pretty red Wellingtons, sticking coal-buttons down the "tummy" of a snowman. But alas! the thaw was here already, and as fast as she stuck on the buttons they fell off again.

"Damn!" ejaculated Annabel, with her attractive pout. Then, "Oh, hallo, I didn't see you."

"I thought not, or you wouldn't have been using all that naughty language. What about a little peace on earth and good will to all men?"

The snowman's clay pipe fell out and Annabel stepped on it. "Blast it!" she exclaimed. "I'll tell you what I think," she said, taking off her wool cap with its fetching striped pompon. "It's all a person can do keeping up the Christmas spirit on Christmas Day, let alone the rest of the time. Pretending to be sweet-tempered and kind to all the stinkers in the world, when you really hate their guts—well, that just seems to me plain dishonest, and nobody's going to make me believe that dishonesty's any basis for a good life." One of the snowman's eyes dropped out, and Annabel took a swipe at him and knocked his head off. "To hell with it," she said and added, turning to me, "Look at you. Wouldn't it be less two-faced if you sometimes told your readers what you *really* thought of them?"

"Could be," I grinned, for Annabel has a way with her.

What do you think?

YOUR EDITRESS

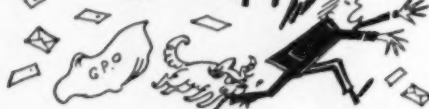
## Do You Know Anything?

1. What handy household commodity will INSTANTLY make a charred eiderdown as good as new?
2. To make a square room look oval you would choose a wallpaper design of (a) stripes, (b) wild flowers, (c) plain paper.
3. Mrs. Beeton attained fame as (a) a king's mistress, (b) a Royal governess, (c) a successful panel-game challenger.
4. How would you use an ordinary whitewash brush to improve the flavour of a lemon meringue pie?
5. A blue-bag held to the base of the neck is an effective temporary remedy for (a) whooping-cough, (b) a low blood-count, (c) rickets, (d) exophthalmic goitre.



Lord Alfred Easingbone  
was six on Thursday

# The Lines You Dropped



Your Editress  
loves to hear  
from you

## Sparing their Blushes

I was always trained that a hostess's first duty is to place her guests at their ease. Therefore whenever I hold a little dinner party I always take care to place a dab of gravy under my plate, then, when the first course is "cleared away," if one of my guests has slopped his own gravy and is feeling shy about it, the realization that his hostess has made the same little slip will dispel his embarrassment. The gravy is, of course, easily washed off one of the new smart glass dinner mats.—Mrs. B. O. (Hythe).

- What a truly kindly thought! We can hardly wait to be asked to one of those well thought out little dinner parties!

## Cooking Wrinkles

Getting the creases out of puff-pastry was for years a bugbear of mine, until I almost gave up making puff-pastry thinking of the creases I simply knew I should get. Then a friend showed me how to "roll out" over a piece of warm brown paper. Now my husband says there is no one to touch me when it comes to really smooth puff-pastry.—Mrs. T. (Rye).

- What's more, the methodical housewife with "a place for everything" will always have the brown paper handy for ironing grease spots out of the menfolks' clothes.

## Wish You Were Here

When Henrietta Hooper says "the age of the romantic man is past" (HER, last week) it obliges me to write a denial from very dear and personal knowledge. My husband often has to go away on business, being a "commercial," but never fails to send me a p.c. comprising a message of affection in rhyme. I enclose one just received from Blackpool.—Mrs. S. W. (Harwich).

- Mrs. S.W.'s postcard says:  
"Always thinking of you, my own,  
And counting the hours until it's time  
for me to come back home."  
This is a really lovely sentiment, and Henrietta Hooper is reconsidering her views about romantic husbands! (However, Mrs. S.W., we can't all be married to poets!)

## Dog's Life

I am bed-ridden and my pussy's supper is always put down in the next room by the lady who comes in. When I think it is his mealtime I call out "Does Freddie want his dinner?" and he miaows once for Yes, or twice for No. The other day I called out as

Every Woman has at least one thing worth saying. Say it to US, and maybe earn a romantic 2s. postal order.

usual but there was no reply. This worried me so much that I struggled up and managed to go and look, and there was Freddie fast asleep beside his empty plate. And they say animals aren't intelligent!—Mrs. D.C.M. (Worthing).

- We once had a dog called George who always stood on three legs during a thunderstorm.

## Even Chickens are Human

I had to speak sharply to my little girl, aged 4, for letting the chickens out. "Well, Mummy," said she, "they must have a breff of fresh air!"—Mrs. T. W. T., (Rotherham).

- And quite right, too!

## A Hint for World Statesmen

As I go through life (I shall be ninety next year) I believe more and more that people must trust each other, and not always think they are trying to get the best of them. It is easy to say, oh, they are only doing that because so-and-so, and when Mr. Malenkov says he wants to live at peace why can't we extend the hand of credulity? Otherwise it just means more wars, though I don't expect I shall live to see them (being eighty-nine years of age).—"Miss Fanny" (Eye).

- Well spoken, Miss Fanny, and we hope that your cleverly composed letter will catch the attention of the politicians!



## Anyone Beat This?

My hubby came home with a new radiogram, having had a good week with overtime, and we were so excited discussing the long-playing records of Danny Kaye and so on that we could have that we couldn't remember which room he had put the radiogram in. We went into every room in the house, and it was not to be found, and just as we had begun to think we were under some sort of a

(Your letters continued on p. 93)



# Laughter Thro' The Tears.....

by  
*Cleverley  
Tickles*



I was endeavouring to impose some semblance of order among the acrocliniams bordering the broad drive that sweeps up to the great porch of my new house (it was Lord Percival de Pratt's once, as I expect I told you) when I saw a ragged figure coming through the gate and approaching me. It was a filthy old tramp with the bluest eyes you ever saw!

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "but could you obhligue me"—there was a touch of the "Oirish" about his speech—"with a ghlass of whater." He paused and added, "I've walked from London to-day, and I've another thwelve miles to go to the Hinstitution, or I'll be slaping out this night."

## Similar Plight

His request suddenly reminded me of a similar plight in which I had once found myself. There is nothing quite so wonderful as a thirst, for those with the means to quench it; nothing quite so terrible, for those without.

It had happened one Christmas more years ago than I like to mention without risk of contradiction, when Lady Cream, the Duchess of Stepney, Earl de West, the Hon. Anthea Dremyss-Arrowroot (a "deb" of that year) and the Marquis of Cragtimber were my house-guests at "Trees."

## After Morning Service

They were all simple souls, and asked nothing better on a crisp Christmas

morning when the English snow had that tint of mauve more often seen in the Alpes Maritimes, than to take a brisk stroll over the fields after morning service. So with the strains of "Nowell, Nowell" still in our ears we set off for a circular tour of the frost-bound countryside preliminary to sampling the seasonable turkey in my humble dining-room.

## Bells Across the Snow

When others are so gay and blithe  
And sit round logs that glow,  
One eye is glist'ning with a tear  
As in my solitude I hear  
The bells across the snow (my dear)  
The bells across the snow.

How can the world be light of heart?  
Yet little can it know  
Of how you left me here to pine  
Before those bells had ceased to chime,  
The bells across the snow (you  
swine)  
The bells across the snow.

JUDITH RINSE CRACKLING

occasion we all suddenly discovered that we should be more than grateful for a drink of water. The only trouble was, as we gazed around the dazzling white landscape, that there was not a house in sight, save for the ordinary terraces of ugly brick villas, an occasional pair of semi-detached houses and a scattering of humble agricultural cottages.

## Over the Stile

It was Tom Cragtimber who had the inspiration. "Just a minute," he exclaimed—"aren't we somewhere near Sandringham?" "Why, yes," said I, "it

can't be more than half a dozen fields away, over that old stile."

## Front Door

And that was how a small party of parched but laughing travellers at last made their way towards hospitable relief on that cold Yuletide morning all those years ago. Freddie de West wanted to go round to the back door, I recall, but Anthea piped up gaily, "Dash it—Christmas Day? What about goodwill to all men, eh?" So we went to the front door after all.

## Few Rough Notes

What with all these happy memories, and jotting down a few rough notes on the back of a packet of helichrysum seeds... I had quite forgotten about the old tramp. When I looked up he had gone! I hope that he got his drink of water all right, after all!

(Another fine article by Cleverley next Wednesday.)

*\*All Curled Up  
and something to read*

*Beloved Psychopath*, by Monica Gleet (Tully and Char, 8s. 6d.)

Shirley, with an invalid father to look after, thought the world of romance beyond her reach. But the handsome stranger who rented the cottage next door changed all that!

*Fish on a Friday*, by Trilby Stalebee (Boon Press, 8s. 6d.)

Claudia's crippled brother was always her first charge, and she resigned herself to forgoing love. When the big grey car broke down outside Cherry Cottage her life began to glow like a ripe peach.

*The Amazing Dawn*, by Amelia Trott Wales (Bodyline Books, 8s. 6d.)

Her ailing mother claimed Peta's every moment until bluff, laughing Tim Clegg called to read the meter. In his eyes Peta espied the irresistible call to romance.

(All the above are HER Books of the Week.)

## A DAINTY ENSEMBLE FOR DRAIN-CLEANING

Reader Priscilla McTithery's hubby is a well-known sanitary expert, so there's nothing Priscilla doesn't know about drains! There's no need to look dirty to do a dirty job.

These easily washable candy-stripe slackettes and crocheted cruise-louse in anti-splash stocking stitch are just the thing when the sink-plug plays up! And yet becoming if Prince Charming SHOULD call at a crucial moment!





## OLD MOTHER WORRYGUTS

### HER COLUMN

#### Serious Miss

During recent weeks I have been much in the company of a boy. He is good-looking and wears nice clothes, in fact so near to my ideal in every way except that he has a nasty trick of being sarcastic. When I put on my best frock for a walk with him he will say some such thing as "All dressed up like a dog's dinner." If I consented to become engaged to him, could his sarcasm kill my love?

♥ *It is up to you, my dear, to cultivate a sense of humour yourself, as that of your friend seems very highly developed. I am sure he's only "joking," really, and does not seriously mean that you look like a dog's dinner. Remember that a man without any idea of comicality can soon pall.*

#### Full House

My husband and I have been unable to have kiddies of our own owing to medical grounds. When I suggested that we adopt one he was very keen, and we soon had a lovely little girl, who quite changed our home life. Later my hubby said the little girl should have a companion, and we adopted a lovely little boy. Then, a

few months later, my hubby returned home with two more lovely little boys that he had adopted, and another lovely little girl a few weeks after that. Now he seems to be bringing lovely little children about every other day, and it is getting too much for me. But he is very fond of them, and I do not wish to hurt him. Should I take the matter up with him?

♥ *I think that you should continue to mother these dear kiddies only so long as you can do so without physical discomfort. But why not say, when he brings the next one, that you feel it ought to be the last? Or arrange to set a limit of, say, a round dozen? Also, I think you would be wise to find out where he gets them from.*

#### Voice from the Past

Ten years ago I rashly became involved in an indiscreet romance. I have been happily married for several years, but now the man who betrayed me threatens to tell my husband all, and as he is a very jealous man I fear that this would spell ruin for my marriage, also he believes me to be a girl who has always kept herself nice. To make matters worse, my betrayer is a postman, now on our round,

and slips menacing letters in with the mail, and I am beside myself lest my hubby should read one and demand an explanation. Please help!

♥ *Wickedness always exacts its toll in the end, my dear—though I agree it would be hard if it exacted one from your innocent hubby. I think in view of your betrayer's occupation you would do well to write to:*

*Earl De La Warr,*

*Postmaster-General,*

*G.P.O., London,*

*who will no doubt exert his influence to have the man moved to a different round.*

#### Stern Measures

My mother, due to the housing shortage, has made her home with us since our marriage. During the last three years my husband has hit her with a clock, torn out handfuls of her back hair, set fire to her bed in the night, daubed green paint all down her winter coat, kept her on bread-and-water for weeks at a time, locked her in the W.C., broken her new umbrella in the larder door and sold all her corsets to a rag-and-bone man. Can you advise me on what I should do?

♥ *My dear, I am sorry to hear of your plight. You know, there is a fable about the sun and*

*the wind trying to make a man take off his coat. The wind tried to blow it off, but the man only hung on to it more tightly. Then the sun shone kindly—and off came the coat! Perhaps all your mother needs is to be ASKED to leave—with a smile!*

#### Love and Athletics

My fiancé was never happy save in my company until he did his national service, but now he has come out of the Army mad on sport, and swears that if I do not accede to him joining our local ping-pong club he will take his life. If he does I shall take mine. What do you counsel in cases like this?

♥ *Without further particulars it is hard to say. How serious are you in contemplating this grave step? I think you must follow the dictates of your heart, my dear.*

*G.M.J.K. (Hounslow). Do not cross your bridges before you come to them—there's many a ship 'twixt cup and lip!*

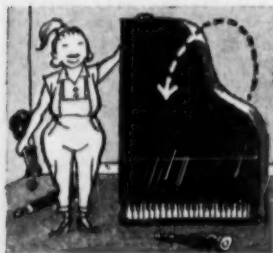
*P.W.Q. (Mayfair). Pride comes before a fall, you know. All that glitters is not gold!*

*"Country Maid" (Spalding). Of course you must refund the shilling. True happiness can never thrive on deceit!*

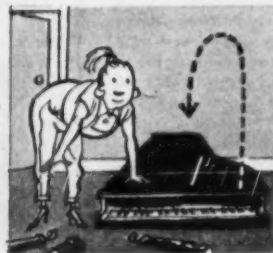


## when hubby's away

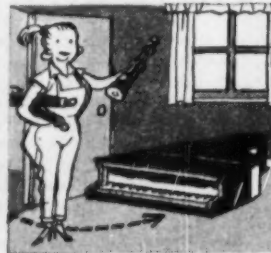
### No. 6. How to Move the Piano



1. Flick the piano over on to its keyboard end. Then unscrew the legs, not before.



2. Lower to the ground, where it will lie quite flat, ready for removal to its fresh habitat.



3. The legs are then replaced in position, making sure that they are vertical and firm.



4. And in no time at all another everyday job's jobbed! (Not so difficult, after all, was it?)



## It's the Kiddies' Time

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

HEN, through the harassed and shuffling crowds, Mr. Provis saw a banner announcing "This Way for the North Pole and Father Xmas," he recalled gratefully that his godson could not read. But Mootle's Stores had not overlooked the illiteracy of the young, and a man stood under the banner, wearing a paper hat and false nose and bawling at ten-second intervals, "This way for Farver Christmas... and the Mad 'Atter's tea-party, this way!"

"Uncle," piped Arnold, pointing. "That gentleman says—"

"We shall be late for tea." Mr. Provis began peering desperately for an exit, but the man swooped too soon.

"Now, now, mister, give the nipper a chance." He bent over the boy with hideous geniality. "Want to see Santa, son? Don't you fret, I'll have a whisper in your dad's ear."

Mr. Provis averted the threatened ear, but the tickets were already in his hand. "Orf we go," said the man. "On'y a bob, smashing gift from Santa and the Mad 'Atter thrown in." He went off into a long, rustling cough.

"What's a madatter, uncle?" asked the boy as they jostled on to the tail of the queue. The woman in front of them, with straight yellow hair and a faint cicatrice of corsets limned on the back of her green coat, seemed to have children hanging from every tuck and fold. She turned and gave Mr. Provis a happy grin. "I always say it's the kiddies' time, Christmas, don't you?"

"Oh yes," he said.

One of the children abruptly drew a bead on her with an ivory and gilt six-shooter, squealing "Shoot you, mum! Bang, bang!" She ruffled its hair fondly and said "Enjoying it, duck?"

But for Arnold's vigilance Mr. Provis might have missed the tea-party altogether. He was almost pulled off his balance, and earned a disgruntled look from a man with a scooter over his shoulder. The figures were cardboard cut-outs in a large windowed box. Two of them were animated: Alice, her cardboard arm pivoting, was cutting innumerable slices of cardboard bread, and the White Rabbit (who should not have been present at all, according to Mr. Provis's recollection) consulted a

cardboard watch whose hands whirled dizzily. By an odd omission the host was absent, and some sixth sense warned Arnold that he was being cheated. He burst into tears.

"You're going to see Father Christmas now," said Mr. Provis hurriedly. "He'll have a lovely present for you."

"Is Father Christmas a madatter?"

Soon a glimpse of scarlet and white became discernible through the press. Owing to relentless pressure from behind, the queue was moving at a good pace, and each child could only be getting a moment's communion with the good old man. Now the white beard could be seen bobbing, and feeling among the pilgrims ran high. One of them jumped excitedly on the heels of Mr. Provis's shoes.

Father Christmas looked hot and tired. One side of his moustache had fallen loose, and as he nudged back the folds of his cloak, which fell awkwardly, hampering him in his charitable activities, he tried unsuccessfully to pin it back against his lip. When Mr. Provis handed him the ticket he threw it down among the litter of split cartons and straw packing.

"Merry Christmas, son," he said thickly. "Mind where you put your feet." He reached with a grunt into the nearest carton. "Now then, be a good boy all next year, and 'ere's a lovely gun, ch?" He thrust the plastic replica of a sub-machine gun into the small, eager hand, and waved them both irritably past.

But Mr. Provis declined to be waved.

"One moment," he said.

"Now what?" The saint looked up balefully, scenting trouble.

"Not—not an engine of destruction, surely!"

"Move on, mister, there's 'undreds after you." He spat out a strand of crêpe hair.

"All the same," said Mr. Provis, surprised at his own stubbornness, "haven't you anything a little more—?"

Father Christmas reached out for the next child, drawing him smartly forward by the skirt of his coat. "Nothing left, only flame-throwers," he said to Mr. Provis. "Now mate, if you please. Don't let's have to get nasty."

Arnold had been examining the machine-gun with delight. Now he suddenly lunged and pushed it among the snowy whiskers. "Bang, bang!" he yelled. "You're dead!"

"Arnold!" cried Mr. Provis.

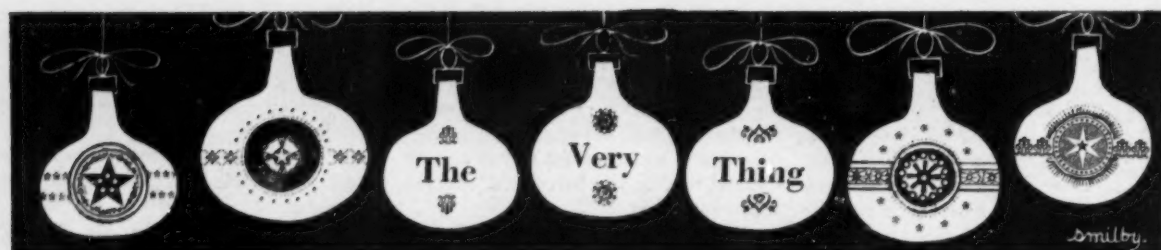
"Bang, bang, bang!" shrieked the boy. "So are you!"

And he plunged happily into the crowds, mowing them down.



"...and take care. The roads are treacherous."





**F**EW of us know our own minds as well as the small boy who opened his parcel and exclaimed "Just the very thing I *didn't* want!" Indeed, unless we have been much in the shops we do not know what possibilities there are to fear or favour. We may think that a musical cigarette box is the thing that, more than anything, we have never wanted; little knowing that this Christmas we could be given a musical powder compact.

Every Christmastide throws up on the shelves new objects rich in potential unwantedness. The worst that friends or, more likely, relatives can do lurks this year among those things which may be called hospitality accessories: magnetic bottle openers and sporting bottle

corks; garlic pressers, cocktail mats, and wooden dachshunds with cocktail sticks in their backs. Here, where we are invited to surprise our guests with ball ice and to delight them with illuminated decanters, here are the bottle pourers: the comic character heads with tubes issuing out of their mouths, dedicated to ensuring that our hospitality does not flow too fast. In some shops they are pottery, in some carved wood; some have revolving eyes, all have revolting grins. Comic horrors, horror comics.

Sir Osbert Sitwell has recorded that his father's gifts were always things he would have to buy his children anyway; sponges for Christmas rankled most. Those sponges would have been no

more acceptable to the young Osbert, nor to Edith, nor Sacheverell, for being shaped like fishes—"Make *bathtime* fun!"—or seasonably boxed with matching friction glove. This year's children may be pleased to accept, as a stocking item only, floating soap dishes formed as rubber rescue dinghies; but the soap sculpture exhibits of 1954 must surely be utterly unwanted. For grown-ups the two guinea baskets of mixed soap fruits have a certain ostentation; but the oranges and lemons, packed like their prototypes in wooden boxes, have the right smell and the right kind of taste. If, as we are brought up to believe, it was bathroom decadence which caused the fall of the Roman Empire, what is left of the British Empire will topple any time. For bath kushions are here! These are rubber head-cushions with suction pads to hold them to the bath. With them go rubber pochettes, like knitting bags, also with suction pads, to hold all you need at hand; sandwiches for instance—or knitting.

From the unforgivable now to the eminently givable: candles. Squat square candles which will burn all Christmas through; thin tapered flower-holder candles which will burn at any angle. Great thick tall candles from Denmark, veritable jero-boams; candle water-lilies to float in bowls; candle Christmas trees, candle snowmen. Cake candles in toadstool holders, wooden angels holding candles. Most charming of all, and best bargains of all, are the angel-chimes from Sweden. These are table centrepieces of flying angels above a gilded cupola. The heat from four candles beneath revolves the angels so that their wands strike a peal of little bells.

France's contributions to table decoration are enormous waxen flowers, magnolias and other magnificents, on bent wire stalks which make their own stand. From Italy there are great bunches of imitation muscatel grapes. These are handsome and supremely



"Mum says you'll have to get your own tea as she's going to the pictures with Mrs. Jones."

perfect, but potentially embarrassing. It used to be quite a thing to hire out real pineapples for the dinner party on an eat or return basis: but guests tend to be less nervous of grapes. The newest and nicest table mats are woven in thin green rush, oblong, and large enough to take the complete cover of plate, cutlery, and glass. The contemporary cane-handled cutlery goes excellently with these.

A commercial result of television is to be found in every china shop—the china individual sandwich tray with matching saucerless cup. Just one set alone would do for addicts of early tea, mid-morning coffee, and bedtime drinks; for grandmothers in fact. Then there are the miniature reading lamps which clip on an open book, for those who prefer to contract out of the television circle—and for those who secretly read in bed. Motorists, race-goers, and spectator sportsmen can be settled with plaid rugs which turn into zip-fastened capes. These fold away into matching bags to make a cushion; three very things they want in one. Sets of car picnic trays are made to hang on windows and the backs of seats; and for the driver there are new night-driving glasses, anti-dazzle and anti-fog.

For debonair grandmothers and third-year débutantes—a box of cigars. Cigars for Madam are now imported from Holland by an English firm. In his *Letters from Holland* Karel Čapek estimated that there was one bicycle for every three inhabitants, including babies, sailors, the Royal family, and workhouse inmates. Equally accurately, it is now estimated that in Holland one out of every three female inhabitants is a cigar smoker, including babies, airline hostesses, centenarians, and school-girls. These cigars taper to fit an ordinary cigarette holder, are delicate and mild, cost five shillings for ten, and one cigar claims the staying power of three cigarettes.

Costume jewellery, unlike cosmetics, is a thing that this season no woman can wear too much of, especially those who are known to have diamonds in the bank. The more stagey the better, and the most stagey is that designed by Christian Dior in tinted glass, set in filigree gilt, made and sold in England. Some of the *boutiques* have chunky ceramic jewellery by John Holness, a Jamaican artist; and all of the shops



*"Bank of England . . . Inquiries? As a matter of interest, I should like to know whether Mr. O'Brien, the new Chief Cashier, spells his name with an apostrophe."*

have the modish cocktail-time beads, eight to twelve strings in a necklace. Equally colourful and contemporary effects are being achieved with real jewels. The Crafts Centre in London is exhibiting Dorrie Nossiter's jewellery which combines, for example, topaz, peridot, green tourmaline and pearls in a pair of earrings; fire opals, rubies, pearls and garnets in a single clip.

The glitter and the gold is repeated in the embroidered leisure slippers, which will most surely appear at studio parties, the most poetical being those in gold and silver mesh. For getting to the parties in these or in high-heeled shoes, there are plastic over-boots with rubber soles. These are called, need we say, "rain tootsies." The winter's

smartest cold-weather boots are made in natural fur; that is, hide with the fur left on. Snow and rain run off them like water off a cow's back. After-ski slippers (thick knitted socks with soft leather soles) are not for ski-ers only. They are the best of all bedroom slippers for elderly people: for Great-aunts, the glamorous slipper with gold and silver knitted in; for Great-uncles, the sportive with Fair Isle pattern.

Because people have everything they want is no reason for giving them something expensive they do not want. For children to give rich relations, the answer is a coconut—to hang out for the birds. At one-and-threepence a throw, the very thing!

ALISON ADBURGHAM

# Casual Acquaintance

By NICOLAS BENTLEY

"ISN'T Bea Lillie absolutely wonderful?" I agreed that she was, not that any answer was needed. He prattled on, standing wedged between the buffet and the door, his cigarette holder in one hand and his sherry glass in the other. He was tall and rather good looking. His round amber-coloured eyes never stayed still for a moment as long as he was talking. When I spoke they bored into me as though my every word was purest gold; nothing goes down so well as being a really good listener. "Where are you going for Christmas?" he asked. I said I wasn't going anywhere, which of course was quite the wrong answer. He was tactful. "Aoh, but I do envy you. Going away at Christmas time is such a bore." He was going down to his mother in Wiltshire. She had a house that was quite close to Cecil's. In fact he'd probably run over some time and see him, unless Cecil ran over to him. A rather attractive picture floated into my mind of their running gracefully towards each other. He went on about the house. It was "the most lovely old stone house with a quite perfect garden—aoh, thank you so much!" Teeth and eyes flashed as the hired waiter, a nice-looking chap, approached once more with the drinks. I took another martini.

I could see I had done the wrong thing. With the choice lying between it or sherry or champagne I should have known better. However, back to Mummy's exquisite tomb on the Wiltshire downs. It seemed she had four (indoor) servants, though why I should be interested in her domestic arrangements wasn't clear. Two of them had known him since he was a small boy, if that's what he once was. He was the sort whom servants dote on, of course; the sort who's so awfully good with them. You could tell that from the way he'd smiled at the hired waiter, so frank and so friendly. Talk turned to the Royals. "Don't you adore Margaret?" I do as a matter of fact, but the way it was said made me feel that I didn't want to admit it. He'd been to the do at Blenheim, of course, and had flown over to Paris for Balmain's show as well. I decided to jump in at this point and tell him about the wholesale dress parade in Eastcastle Street that I'd covered for the agency last week. His indifference was quite beautifully veneered. He was still jammed in between the buffet and the door, wilting slightly, like an overgrown indiarubber plant, but as I couldn't move either, he couldn't get out. So we made the best of a bad job and

but the smile was rather glazed. I gathered he and Sir Malcolm had never met. Presently it was time to go. I flattened myself against the unyielding rump of a woman of title so as to make enough room for him to ooze forth. Gradually he insinuated himself towards our hostess. I followed. We made our adieux, mine in terms that sounded brief and austere in comparison with his, and then fought our way into the street. "Have you got a car?" I asked. "Alas, no. I don't drive." I might have known it. "Can I give you a lift then? I'm going towards Hammer-smith." I was really going to Chiswick Mall, but I was feeling sadistic by this time. I wanted to see him wince and I wasn't disappointed. "If you could drop me—anywhere near West Halkin Street." "Of course," I said. "Aoh you are kind." It seemed he was staying in a friend's flat while the friend was in Rome. Apparently it was *too* lovely. I wondered what it was too lovely for. Clearly not for him. There was the most fascinating piece of *trompe l'œil* and a wonderful, but wonderful, Aubusson that had belonged to Bernhardt, imagine! And aoh, the pictures! As a matter of fact, he'd been frightfully wicked that afternoon: he'd bought—he hadn't *meant* to, it was just that he was in Sotheby's and simply couldn't resist it—a most lovely gouache by Guardi. (The accent, need I say, was authentically Venetian.) He would so love me to see it. Perhaps I could come in some evening for a drink. He was only dashing back for a moment now to change—did I know Princesse Chavchavadzé?—he was dining with her at the Connaught. I wondered whether to tell him where I was dining and with whom: at the Nosh Bar in Windmill Street with a fellow who makes machine tools and lives in Rugby. But I didn't. I felt he'd had about as much as he could stand for one evening.



"Drama Department?... Boo-oo-oo!"

skipped to literature, or to be more precise, to Willie Maugham and her whom he preferred to call *la belle* Compton-Burnett. And so to music, meaning, inevitably, *Troilus and Cressida*, the Harewoods, and good old Eddie Sackville-West. I asked if he'd heard that someone was writing an account of Sir Malcolm's trip to Tokyo and was going to call it "Flash in Japan." That nearly threw him, but not quite. "Aoh, but how wonderful!" he said,

"KANGAROO—Looking for you every day.  
All my love, dearest.—JUMBO."

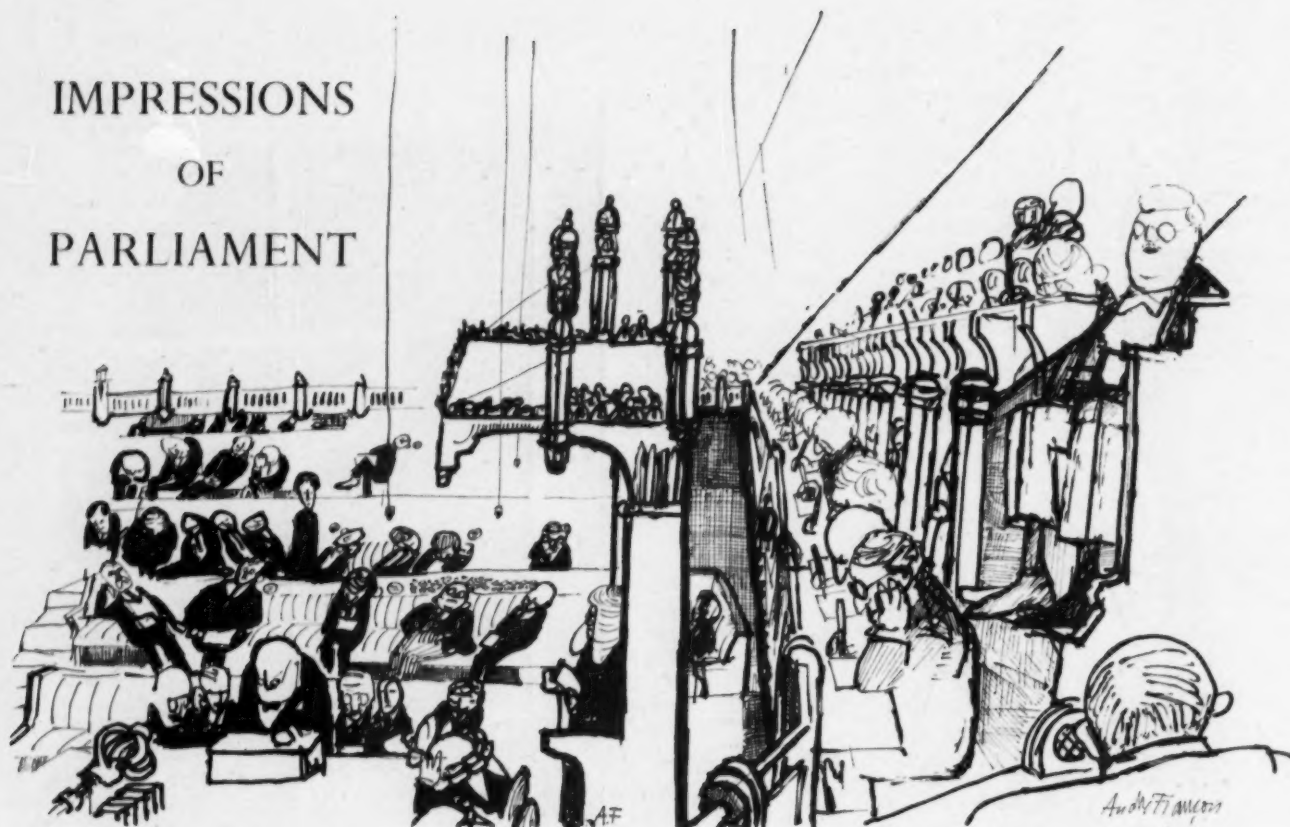
Daily Telegraph

Try Regent's Park.





# IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



## Monday, December 6

The Telegram made a brief appearance at question-time, when Mr. NALLY addressed a couple of questions to the Prime Minister asking for "the precise nature" of Sir WINSTON's instructions contained in it. Mr. CROOKSHANK answered, on Sir WINSTON's behalf, that there was nothing to add to the answers given the previous Tuesday.

Mr. NOEL-BAKER moved an amendment to the humble Address to the effect that the House regretted the "lack of urgency" shown by the Government in seeking to rid the world of the menace of "instruments of mass destruction." His chosen method was to make our flesh creep. The details he gave of the probable effect of a hydrogen-bomb explosion over the Palace of Westminster were horrifying enough (though he omitted to mention the one tremendous compensation, that the Palace of Westminster and everyone in it would be blown sky-high); and he had got hold of details of an American weapon called the I.B.M. which had everyone somewhat uneasy in his

seat. But in his determination to bring home the horror of these mass-destructive instruments he quite forgot to consider the Government's recent activity towards making it unnecessary ever to employ them. This omission was soon repaired by Mr. SELWYN LLOYD, who, easing on his old mantle of Minister of State for Foreign Affairs and finding it a more than comfortable fit, reviewed what the Government had done in that direction and made an uncommonly convincing job of it.

Religion was then called in to testify on both sides; Mr. CHARLES ROYLE (who once worked in a slaughterhouse and should not flinch at a little blood) claiming that no Christian country could contemplate using a hydrogen bomb, especially against the Chinese, and Mr. JOHN MCGOVERN, exulting in his renewed independence, decrying the sentimental pacifism of Mr. NOEL-BAKER and calling for Moral Rearmament to be adopted all round as the only possible alternative to Communism. Later Mrs. BARBARA CASTLE took advantage of the traditional latitude allowed to Members while debating the Gracious Speech, and made a personal

statement about why she had not signed the Prime Minister's autograph-book.

## Tuesday, December 7

Mr. SWINGLER and Mr. WARBEY had questions down about The Telegram, and Sir WINSTON told them, amid deep silence, that it had not been found. When Mr. SWINGLER went on to say that "people everywhere" were "profoundly shocked" at his revelation the Prime Minister, whose hair-shirt had clearly gone already to the laundry, told him with a resilient grin that some people were very hard up for something to talk about.

The Opposition had singled out the word "complacency" from Mr. ATTLEE's *ad hoc* commentary on the Gracious Speech to be the keynote of their censure motion on Government fiscal policy, but Mr. GAITSKELL accused the Government of something rather more sinister, namely of loading the economic balance in the shareholders' favour and against the working man, who was only to be conceded just enough to "pave the way for an election Budget." Mr. MAUDLING, once a Tory

propagandist, reshuffled the facts into a pattern more favourable to the Government, and was duly accused by Miss HERBISON of making Tory propaganda, which was presumably his object. The debate then ranged widely enough to take in Sir GURNEY BRAITHWAITE's plea for the roads at one end and Mr. MIKARDO's complaint that he had not had a cup of tea all day at the other.

Still, the Government *had* displayed a certain amount of complacency in choosing Mr. HARRY CROOKSHANK to wind up for them; for though Mr. CROOKSHANK can display a tart, rather spinsterish, humour, he is not the Minister to persuade an antagonistic House. The Opposition's amendment being, as he so justly said, "for the record and no more," humour was enough, as it happened, and Mr. CROOKSHANK was able to provoke repeated cheers from his supporters as well as a few laughs.

### Wednesday, December 8

The mood of broad comedy which the Commons consider appropriate for the discussion of

House of Commons:  
The Pensions Game

pensions was set quite soon after Mr. PEAKE got up to move the second reading of his Bill. Shouts and laughter were bandied across the floor, and Mr. PEAKE, thoroughly entering into the spirit of the thing, embarked on a long cricketing metaphor which was interrupted after a bit with the un-English comment from a Labour back-bench, "Which clause is this in?" Some five-and-twenty separate interruptions, plus his own natural hesitancy of manner, spun Mr. PEAKE's speech out to seventy minutes.

Dr. SUMMERSKILL spent a fair time chastising Mr. PEAKE over his discourtesy to the Phillips Committee, where she was on safe ground, because elsewhere she had to watch her step. When the Minister originally outlined his proposals, she congratulated him on having so closely followed the proposals put forward by the T.U.C., which busy body also believed that the scheme should be financed from contributions. The Opposition, in order to discredit what they knew must be a popular measure, were therefore forced to some extent to disown these proposals, and now find fault both with the amounts of the increases and the principle of the extra shilling. However, a foolish consistency is, in Emerson's phrase, the hobgoblin of little minds; so "why should not the Minister think," asked Dr. EDITH, "that people will not have second thoughts about this?"



### Thursday, December 9

A tremendous noise shook the Chamber as the Prime Minister stigmatized Mr.

House of Commons:  
Tory v. Wigg

GEORGE WIGG's efforts to have Lord MONTGOMERY court-martialled under Sections 40 and 41 of the Army Act as "ill-informed as well as ill-natured" and unworthy of "even an Army schoolmaster." All the same, Mr. WIGG's misinformation came direct from the Foreign Secretary, and there is no doubt a *prima facie* case to be made out against the Field Marshal; so Mr. WIGG may well feel whatever kind of satisfaction a man can derive from such correctitude. Lord MONTGOMERY is paying the penalty of straightforward speaking, which is never popular in peace-time, especially with those who claim to represent the masses; it's Monty this, and Monty that, and "Monty, go away," but Mr. WIGG and his friends would look precious silly if a new war fell upon us and found the Field Marshal in the Glasshouse. The Field Marshal, in the Peers' Gallery, thought the whole affair a huge joke.

Mr. WIGG's question quite over-

shadowed an earlier one from Mr. TOM DRIBERG, who asked the Home Secretary if he was aware that Maldon's charter confirmed in 1171 its rights of infangenetheof, harmsoen and blodwite. Naturally, said Major LLOYD-GEORGE; also nam, graff, fythwythe and grethbeg.

The debate on pensions pursued its arithmetical way throughout the evening with both sides accusing one another of electioneering and neither side willing to concede any measure of public spirit in the other. The second reading was, however, not divided upon, and the money resolution agreed to with a bare minimum of talk.

### Friday, December 10

The Commons produced a handful of enthusiasts to discuss the Government's measure

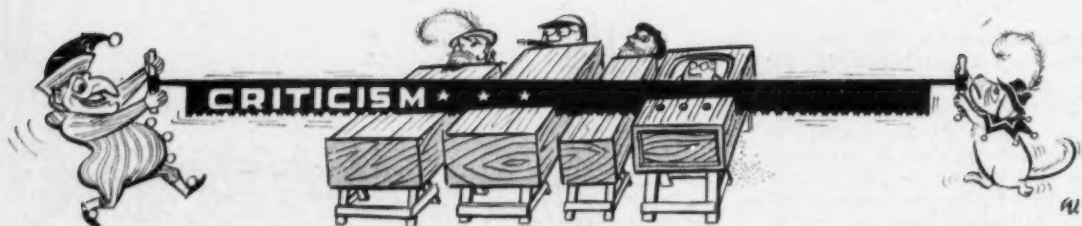
House of Commons:  
Retrospection

to protect the Post Office from having to repay licence fees illegally collected from users of mobile radio sets. Neither side was keen on this retrospective measure, but both swallowed it like a noxious draught in the cause of making an honest man of the P.M.G.

B. A. YOUNG







## BOOKING OFFICE

### Towards an Interpretation

IN *Grantchester* Rupert Brooke, the second favourite poet of the modern undergraduate, wrote one of the classics of English light verse, though it is omitted from the *Oxford Book*. I am not quite sure what the undergraduates see in him. Perhaps they are merely reacting against Orwell's hysterical attack: "A sort of accumulated vomit from a stomach stuffed with place-names. Considered as a poem *Grantchester* is something worse than worthless." However, it is pleasant to imagine that they take it more seriously than Light Verse and that they hail it as the first modern poem.

Brooke had a varied life that included writing on Elizabethan dramatists, teaching in a public school, caravanning with Dr. Dalton, being signed up to write articles about a visit to America and being a very presentable don. He was ever so definitely of our time, and in the 'thirties would have fought in Spain and in the 'fifties he would have played panel games on TV. *Grantchester* is an expatriate poem, written in a Berlin café. The earlier generations of expatriates haunted the cafés of Paris or Florence. Brooke, long before the *New Country* poets, went north.

The mood of the poem is self-nausea, quite a different attitude from the self-disgust of the Religious. Brooke describes himself as "Sweating, sick and hot," and his condition is linked with the condition of the society in which it is encapsulated. This in Berlin is reflected in the beer-drinking Jews, undifferentiated precursors of Mr. Eliot's Bleistein, who represented a threat to the foundations of society: "The rats are underneath the piles. The Jew is underneath the lot." Society is threatened, but in *Grantchester* the threat remains imminent. There the image for society is "The falling house that never falls."

The note of unheroic optimism, the self-caricature—Brooke was a Fabian—recurs at the end of the poem, with its shrouded symbols, its foreshadowing of the preoccupations of the 'twenties and 'thirties. "Stands the church clock at

ten to three?" Time, the century's Old Man of the Sea, is suspended, and this suspension is registered by an ecclesiastical, not a secular, mechanism. The irony is not shallowly anticlerical. Eliot's "smoky candle-end of time" is the time that lies in wait, as it were, for the time that is suspended at *Grantchester*.

It is ironical that the famous inquiry whether there be honey still for tea



should have been so wildly misunderstood. Perhaps since Mr. Vincent Cronin's *The Golden Honeycomb* we understand the symbolism of honey more clearly. At the upper levels of meaning we are confronted with something sweet and sticky, emblematic of decay, and the decay of a class only recently powerful. There may be a reminiscence here of "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." At an altogether deeper level we glimpse references to Bees, the lips of Apollo, Daedalus, maker of the golden honeycomb, and, perhaps, the Imperial Bees of Napoleon.

Modern poetry, the poetry of the revolution of a generation ago, employed the whole of the cultural inheritance.

The one Greek and three German phrases in the poem make a meagre demand on the reader compared with what was expected of readers by later poets; but Brooke was, after all, a very early innovator. The references to Chaucer, Naiads, the Hellespont, Tennyson and the Goat-foot recall a shared cultural past. The juxtaposition of myth and contemporary civilization did not, one hastens to admit, start with Brooke, and his handling of it, like Mr. Eliot's, owes something to French influence.

It may be objected that the organization of the poem is not primarily mythological but topographical. This is to disregard the significance of the full title, *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester*. In contrast to the nameless crimes of Coton, the unbelievable things done at Madingley on Christmas Eve and the terrible occurrence at Babraham is the eating of the ceremonial honey in a house inhabited by a resident priesthood. At night appear both divinities and spectral priests. This may refer to a continuation of paganism after the establishment of the Church. At dawn the visitants disappear with Satanic cries, and I tentatively suggest that Pan is to be identified with the Rural Dean.

The area contrasted with Berlin is the hinterland of a university town, and it is from the university rather than the city or the camp that most modern verse has come. Cambridgeshire is called "The Shire of Men Who Understand." Men worship Truth, and they do this by observing the Rules of Thought. This understanding comes from logic rather than feeling; the German Jews are governed by temperament. On the other hand, they are also governed by regulation, and frequently activities, in themselves desirable, are *verboten*, while in *Grantchester* the sun is unregulated and the rose unofficial. This apparent contradiction is partially resolved in the line "To forget the lies, and truths, and pain."

If this were all, the poem might be dismissed as mere superficial liberalism; but in that case why the honey, why the priests? Just after the reference to the worship of Truth in *Grantchester*, Brooke says that the inhabitants "of that

holy land" commit suicide when they feel old. Is there not a reminiscence here of the priest-king, pacing round the sacred wood with his sword, waiting to be slain by his successor, only in Grantchester priest and victim, king and subject, are one?

Modern Oxford, trained to the close examination of English texts, will probably get ever so much more out of it than this.

R. G. G. PRICE

**The Postman.** Roger Martin du Gard.  
*Deutsch, 9/6*

This picture of French rural life is not for the sentimental. Joigneau, the postman, a first-class intriguer—not to say a bit of a scoundrel—makes his rounds, and we are shown what is happening in the neighbourhood. M. Martin du Gard, a Nobel Prize winner, is, at his best, one of his country's most distinguished authors. For example, his admirable notes on the life of André Gide are still fresh in our memory as undoubtedly the best picture of Gide that has yet appeared. The present novel, too, is translated by Mr. John Russell; excellently done, it is hardly necessary to add.

Those who have studied reports in the newspapers of the Dominici case, with fascination not unmixed with horror, will find *The Postman* gives an enlightening picture of that sinister, yet in a way impressive, French peasant world. I did not agree with the publishers that Joigneau himself is the most "subtly realized" of the characters that appear here. He seemed to me a bit contrived. But the book, on the whole, is vivid and enjoyable.

A. P.

**Man Meets Dog.** Konrad Lorenz.  
*Methuen, 15/-*

In this successor to *King Solomon's Ring* Dr. Lorenz talks about the behaviour of dogs and cats, mainly dogs, though he occasionally refers to other pets or to animals that have been under his care in zoos and research stations. Although he has been criticized by his academic colleagues for risking his great professional reputation in works of whimsical popularization, the lay reader can enjoy the company of a lively mind without worrying too much about whether Dr. Lorenz is trying out theories on him he might be doubtful of publishing in a technical journal.

This is the least sentimental of dog-books, the lightest of studies of instinct and acquisition in domesticated animals. Dr. Lorenz insists that most of the European breeds of dog are descended from jackals and claims they show marked differences of character from the lupine breeds like the samoyeds and huskies. His anecdotes and observations make one realize how limited is the amount of intelligent enjoyment the average dog-lover manages to extract from the company of his pets.

R. G. G. P.



"I'm only an ordinary sort of chap like yourselves."

**Queen Anne's Son.** Hester W. Chapman.  
*Deutsch, 12/6*

"I have tried him drunk and I have tried him sober," said Charles II of George of Denmark, "but, odd's fish, there is nothing in him." Yet it was hardly the Prince's fault that none of Queen Anne's children attained maturity. She had a dropsy in her first confinement; the rest of her numerous progeny were doomed.

The Duke of Gloucester lived to be eleven, a singularly attractive boy, here depicted with subtle understanding. Precocious, overdriven by tutors, tormented by doctors (Dr. Radcliffe was against bleeding, but his "blisters" seem even worse), the Duke grew up in a glare of publicity and a web of intrigue. Based upon the Memoirs of his Welsh valet, Jenkin Lewis, Mrs. Chapman's portrait shrewdly depicts contemporary politics and personalities. But its main theme is the charm, the spirit and the intelligence of a prince born to be king. The illustration shows the Stuart charm of the handsome child. Here is a brilliant miniature, written with a deep understanding of children; a real contribution to literature.

J. E. B.

#### HUMOROUS ART

The British and American Humorous Art Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association will be on show at the Regent Cinema, Queen's Road, Brighton, until January 1, 1955. It includes 250 original drawings by 115 British and American artists. Admission is free.

769

**Italian Food.** Elizabeth David. *Macdonald, 16/-*

Mrs. David has made a considerable name for herself as a writer on French cooking, and her latest book, *Italian Food*, will add to her reputation as well as adding a variety of useful recipes to the range of any enterprising cook. Mrs. David makes the point that Italian food is as intensely regional as French and that it is necessary in Italy to find out what one should eat and where one should eat it to avoid a monotonous diet of pasta asciutta smothered in the inevitable cheese and tomato sauce.

The chapter on the Italian Store Cupboard is most helpful, as it not only gives a comprehensive list of the raw materials used in Italian cooking but includes suggestions for substitutes which are to be found in most English grocers'. Mrs. David points out with righteous indignation that the Italians took light refreshing ices to America and that the Americans have returned mass-produced wedges of synthetic frozen powder so that only the water ices can now be relied on to refresh the palate without weighing down the stomach. This erudite cookery book will be appreciated both by the practical and the armchair cook.

V. G. P.

**The Valley.** Dorothy Charques. *John Murray, 10/6*

This is a book of sharp contrasts. It begins with a man and his wife agreeing to a sabbatical year of separation: John a journalist, who tells the story, takes himself off to a mill cottage in a Warwickshire valley. Here there are the countless, busy, small happenings of English country life, and even when a devastating flood comes it is an English flood which washes over rose-gardens and drowns the rector's nice little pig. Then, quite suddenly, but explicable, we are rapt away on to a Pacific island, complete with volcano, monstrous stone figures, a white man's skeleton, and a cohort of threatening gentlemen in gold bird-beaked masks, into whose hands John falls with most unpleasant consequences. After his rescue the volcano destroys the island and we go back to Warwickshire.

So Miss Charques makes the best of two worlds, the Warwickshire meadows and the story of John and Judith, chiefly a story of the inner life, and the melodramatic, exterior, thriller of the island, and the two stories are one in the end.

B. E. S.

#### AT THE PLAY

*The Little Glass Clock*  
(ALDWYCH)  
*Never Get Out* (ARTS)

THIS week Professor HUGH MILLS follows Professor Anouilh to continue our education in the purpler life of the French countryside. His *The Little Glass Clock* is Louis Quinze, and

its chimes (which convey the same heart-warming information as the stopping of the roundabout in *La Ronde*) should jingle reliably through all the fogs and hurricanes between now and the summer. The workmanship is honest, without being Tompion, and DORIS ZINKEISEN has set the piece in a pleasing case, where the dazzling marital ping-pong at which KAY HAMMOND and JOHN CLEMENTS are so expert goes just as well in costume.

No sooner are Gabrielle and Armand married in the chapel of their château than messengers arrive to announce fantastic promotion for Armand, coupled with an immediate posting to the Bavarian battlefield. One of Gabrielle's elderly admirers, the Maréchal de Sèvres, has not forgotten the story of David and Uriah the Hittite; moreover, he will be arriving that night, expecting hospitality on his way to the War Council. As a conscientious officer Armand is terribly torn in his duty, but to Gabrielle (who, after all, is played by Miss HAMMOND) the whole thing seems easy so long as Armand will go upstairs and hide. It might have been, if Armand had not lost his nerve and come down in the clothes of their friend the Abbé, and if the Abbé, a frustrated soldier, had not seized the opportunity to dress in Armand's uniform and ride off to play havoc with the cavalry.

In the event, virtue is saved, though

only at the cost of a disaster fatal to a wedding night, and only to introduce a bigger menace, the King himself. Not before Armand finds himself a bishop, and the Abbé has tied the whole army into knots, is the little clock able to announce that love has triumphed.

Mr. MILLS has a nice sense of situation, and his dialogue is witty enough to carry the unexpected safely. Beautifully dressed by Miss ZINKEISEN, Miss HAMMOND is very much at home in such a constant state of emergency, and Mr. CLEMENTS also makes the most of his embarrassments. His production is admirably smooth and stylish, but for two faults. At one, a complete change of character on the part of GEORGE RELPH, as the Abbé, we cannot fairly grumble, for it adds greatly to the fun. In the first act he is so poised that we can believe he is a friend of Voltaire; but once he gets into uniform he becomes simply Mr. RELPH, at his most outrageously comic. The second fault is more serious, the unbridled insolence of De Sèvres' deputy, which is out of keeping both with the lightness of the play and with the polished manners of his autocratic chief, whom BASIL SYDNEY plays adroitly. GEORGE CURZON's LOUIS XV is also authentic, and so is HOWIESON CULFF's Cardinal. How long, in such a human menagerie, the château would be left in peace is a question you can ponder unprofitably on the way home.

Plays containing only two people must make their characters exceptionally interesting, or we soon feel starved. In *Never Get Out* (which I understand has been done already on TV) GILES COOPER's oddly assorted pair is much less dramatic than the place in which they find themselves—a war-wrecked village chosen by the R.A.F. for a mammoth bombing exercise. The girl, played by HILARY LIDDELL, is haunted by the guilt of an abortion and is running away from her husband to commit a complicated suicide in the remnants of her old home; the man, given an engaging simplicity by JACK RODNEY, is a *Mice and Men* character, happy in a hermit's life until the arrival of the girl.

In the final sorting-out of their relationship, after the bombing has left them untouched, one loses track of Mr. COOPER's values when the girl, glad to accept the hermit as a murderer, flies into a patriotic tantrum on discovering he is, in fact, a deserter, for any army which had enlisted such an untrammelled piece of nature would surely have been asking for trouble. Neither character is strong enough, but the heroine seems to step straight from a glossy serial, and that cannot hold the stage.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Hedda Gabler* (Westminster), a notable production (15/9/54). *An Evening with Beatrice Lillie* (Globe), dazzling in the second half (1/12/54). *The Matchmaker* (Haymarket), a delightful farce by Thornton Wilder (10/11/54).

ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE OPERA



*Troilus and Cressida*  
(COVENT GARDEN)

CALKAS, Cressida's priestly father, wearing his going-away cloak and slouch hat, came out of the Temple of Pallas, a narrow-chested marble job with bronze doors like the way in to a banking hall lift. After a distraught tussle with his daughter he made off across the Trojan lines to fix a treacherous deal with the Greeks. I was not sorry to see him go. As the authors conceived him, he is a bass with a neo-Wagnerian craving (and no special talent) for narration.

Left with the stage to herself, MAGDA

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Gabrielle, Comtesse de Montfort—MISS KAY HAMMOND

Armand, Comte de Montfort—MR. JOHN CLEMENTS

[The Little Glass Clock



LASZLO, a Cressida of apt and unhelped for beauty, meditated upon Calcas's lapse to accompanying figures in the orchestra which had much in common, as to perfume or sentiment, with the opening of the WALTON violin concerto. Most of *Troilus and Cressida*, the new opera by Sir WILLIAM and CHRISTOPHER HASSALL, is a skilled reapplication of what WALTON has been giving us in the concert hall for thirty years.

But suddenly, in this same aria, Cressida changed the subject and began to sing of her unpropitious love for Prince Troilus. Coming down the temple steps into the footlights, she clasped her hands over her bosom and soared up to top A with the certitude of a steam swing. "O Troilus, they will not let me love you" was her plaint. The vocal line had a fine old-fashioned curve to it, the orchestral tremolo a fine old-fashioned excitement. We were listening to the sort of aria climax every Latin composer and most others dreamed of writing up to the death of Puccini.

Although there are WALTON fingerprints in the harmony hereabouts, this is the sort of operatic page which would have been understood and, I hazard, admired not only by Puccini but by Verdi, Massenet and Richard Strauss into the bargain. WALTON has written an unashamedly "grand" opera according to a recipe which was erroneously thought between the wars to be deadlier than Meyerbeer. Some of the music is as lenient on the ear as a superior "musical." The only really savage moment is the brassy dog fight for diminished seventh chords near the end, when Cressida, thrown by Diomedes to the licentious Greek soldiery, resolves to immolate herself on the dead Troilus's sword.

It will be gathered that we travel a long way from Chaucer's basic narrative. The new ending which Mr. HASSALL has welded on to Chaucer's exposition admirably serves WALTON's muse: as do several other things and people—Sir MALCOLM SARGENT's fervent conducting, Sir HUGH CASSON's brilliant second-act set, MALCOLM PRIDE's dresses, GEORGE DEVINE's production (but cannot he make the licentious soldiery less languid and hesitant?), RICHARD LEWIS's ringing *Troilus* and OTAKAR KRAUS's pocket thunderbolt of a Diomedes. There is one rôle that is a jewel. Pandarus ranks among the classic character creations of opera. PETER PEARS, rising from a sick bed, sang and acted the scented sybarite to everybody's wonderment.

CHARLES REID



## AT THE PICTURES

*The Sea Shall Not Have Them*  
*A Lion is in the Streets*

A CERTAIN amount of discontent has been expressed because *The Sea Shall Not Have Them* (Director: LEWIS GILBERT) is not more emotionally

moving; but this seems to me a comparatively irrelevant objection. Here is a gripping and informative picture about a branch of war-time service unfamiliar to most people and never treated in films before; and among its very competent players are two who make excellent use of the chance to show their powers in a (for them) unusual style. This alone would make it worth seeing.

The theme is the work of the Air/Sea Rescue Service, and the time the autumn of 1944. In the cast list the main characters are divided into four groups: the crew of a rescue launch, the survivors of a crashed plane in their rubber dinghy, the staff at a base aerodrome, and the men—including a rescued German pilot—in another plane, a Sea Otter, engaged in the search.

The two actors who are able to do something unusual are NIGEL PATRICK, who appears as a tough flight-sergeant in the crew of the launch, and DIRK BOGARDE, one of the men in the dinghy. Neither character is memorable in the absolute sense: it is a quite legitimate complaint against the film that all the personages in it are the sort of people we have seen in similar war stories before. What gives pleasure, to anyone who knows the work of these actors, is to see them being allowed a new departure.

The framework of the story itself is a simple matter of a crash in the sea (involving a V.I.P. with secret papers) and the attempts, finally successful, to find and rescue the survivors. Probability is stretched a bit at the end, when the launch rescues the dinghy under gunfire from enemy-occupied Holland that would surely have disposed of both of them; but this matters little, for the film's aim is less to tell the story of particular men on a particular occasion than to demonstrate the working of a routine. The characterization and the more or less conventionally amusing dialogue exchanges are in essence purely decorative, to brighten the fabric of the piece. On that level, I think it succeeds: it is entertainingly informative. Emotion and memorable characters would have distracted from the point; they don't belong in this kind of picture at all.

One could make unkind guesses about the reason why so many big films at big London cinemas recently have been put on without any press show; the unkindest perhaps being that it has something to do with the fact that if somebody publishes a damaging opinion about a film without having been invited to pronounce on it, the exhibitor has a legal case against him. In other words—a good notice or none at all, and a saving of money (for press shows are quite expensive).

All the same, it seems a pity not to have press-shown *A Lion is in the Streets* (Director: RAUL WALSH), because the result is simply that half the people who take notice of reviews rather than



[The Sea Shall Not Have Them]  
Flight-Sergeant Slingsby—NIGEL PATRICK

choosing from the list of titles and stars—there surely are a few such people—have hardly even heard of it.

I don't say it's any masterpiece, but it is powerful, absorbing entertainment with a wonderful part for JAMES CAGNEY. He appears as an itinerant peddler in the south of the U.S. who goes into politics, spellbinds his way to power ("All folks is wonderful, you just gotta know the right place to kick 'em in") and falls. Mr. CAGNEY is at the top of his form throughout, the Technicolor photography (HARRY STRADLING) is very fine, and there is plenty of strong drama as well as incidental comedy. Well worth looking out for.

On second thoughts—should I have been quite so emphatic if the film had been press-shown in the ordinary way? Perhaps they have the right idea after all.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the universally enjoyable *The Great Adventure* (8/12/54), in the same programme as BUNUEL's *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* (18/8/54); a good Western, *Garden of Evil* (1/12/54); Cinerama; and two very good new ones, *Phffft* and *Carrington, V.C.*

Releases include DISNEY's *The Living Desert* (2/6/54) and the reissue of CHAPLIN's *Modern Times*.

RICHARD MALLETT



## ON THE AIR

Over to You—Over!

ONE by one—and usually to my satisfaction—the stars of TV are being signed on by the commercial television companies. Hardly a day goes by without news of some fresh transfer, and my joy is qualified only by some such tail-piece as "Mr. — will not, however, completely sever his relations with the B.B.C.: he will still appear in the successful fortnightly parlour palaver 'Ask Yer Dad!'"

Already I can sense a brighter, more encouraging atmosphere at Broadcasting House and Lime Grove: the old-furniture is going and there will soon be room for the "contemporary" stored so long in the basement. Whatever may be the lot of the I.T.A., we have reason to be grateful to it for its inspiring influence on the B.B.C. The old contemptible of Portland Place is getting its first decent spring-clean since the 'twenties and is shedding fixtures and fittings that should have been sacrificed years ago.

Some of the transferred stock will, of course, be missed, but only, I think, for a short time. There is no real shortage of second-class talent, the kind of talent that wins stardom on panels and in parlour games, and new faces will be welcomed and worshipped as zealously as those they replace on the little screen. I can think of only about half a dozen of all the TV regulars and irregulars—interviewers, chairmen, announcers, commentators, narrators, comics, the lot—whose crossing of the floor would disappoint me, but to name them might well cause some new flutter among the cheque books.

At the moment I should not be at all



Richard Hearne and Wilfred Pickles

sorry to read of some transposition involving Wilfred Pickles. His television series "Ask Pickles" is rapidly losing him the goodwill he acquired (with me) in his sound radio programmes of "homely fun" and his competent character acting in screened drama. "Ask Pickles" is supposed to present a sort of pictorial housewives' choice: in other words, it is a request programme consisting of interviews with "personalities," snippets of film and variety. The basic idea is sound enough (though there is far too much of such mixed grill and olla podrida in TV), and with Pickles as a gay, confiding and infectiously optimistic host the programme should have proved an enjoyable romp. Alas!

I am too hard-boiled (as critics go) to shudder easily, but each new offering of "Ask Pickles" finds me quaking with apprehension. Where once he handled his dollops of tear-jerking sentiment with discretion he now wallows smugly in a nauseating glue-pot of mawkishness. His

hard-luck stories have become enormous and expensive stunts. He will go to any lengths, it seems, to pluck at heartstrings; he deals almost exclusively in blushes, swimming eyes, catches in the throat and embarrassment. He makes a public parade of emotion that is essentially private, unites long-separated lovers, friends and relations, parades the afflicted, champions the hopeless ambitions of the untalented. He persuades millions of viewers to become Peeping Toms, eavesdroppers, keyhole snoopers. And all this baleful mush is presented with the air of an innocent and exuberant Boy Scout.

I don't know which is more harmful—the sob-stuff itself, which inevitably ruins the

market for producers and performers who appeal less obviously to the emotions, or the clever camouflage of exhibitionism.

"Ask Pickles" is tolerated because the vulgarity is always rounded off with a declaration of high-mindedness, a manly pat on the back and a disarming grin. But it is dangerous stuff, insidious and demoralizing.

Wilfred Pickles ought to know better: the man able to "Have a Go" successfully for years (and I believe that no one else could have managed to make this programme so useful, amusing and zippy) ought to know how far one can go with homely fun and comradely melodramatics without falling into the slough of bad taste. I have nothing but praise for his healthy, comforting and stimulating handling of poor pensioners, the sick and life's unfortunates, but his stunts are an offence against the cherished respectability of the B.B.C. No, on second thoughts, I would not wish them upon the I.T.A. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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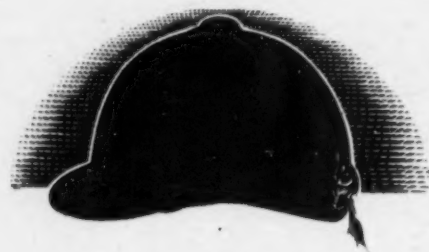
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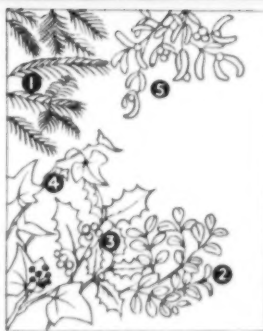
# SHELLGUIDE to DECEMBER lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



IN DEAD, naked December the evergreens are especially revealed—the living darkness of (1) *Yew Trees*, and the glossy leaves of the (2) *Box*, truly wild on a few chalk or limestone escarpments as at Boxhill in Surrey or Boxwell in Gloucestershire. Eminent above all are the three berried plants of Christmas, (3) *Holly*, (4) *Ivy* and (5) *Mistletoe*.

Time out of mind these three were thought to give protection against evil. Two thousand years ago Pliny wrote that Holly near the house would repel witches. All over Europe the strange pale green Mistletoe has been used in the same way. Circlelets of Ivy kept demons and witches away from cattle and the milk. English countrymen thought milk was extra good against whooping cough when children drank it from cups of holly or ivy. Holly, often called 'Christmas' or 'Christ's Thorn', stood for life in death. On the day of the birth of Christ its prickly leaves symbolised the Crown of Thorns and its red berries the drops of Christ's blood.



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THE KEY  
TO THE  
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**IMPERIAL  
CANCER RESEARCH  
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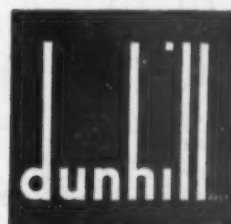
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Dependent upon voluntary gifts, without State aid, the Fund is under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. Money is needed quickly to assist the developments now being made in the conquest of cancer. Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.



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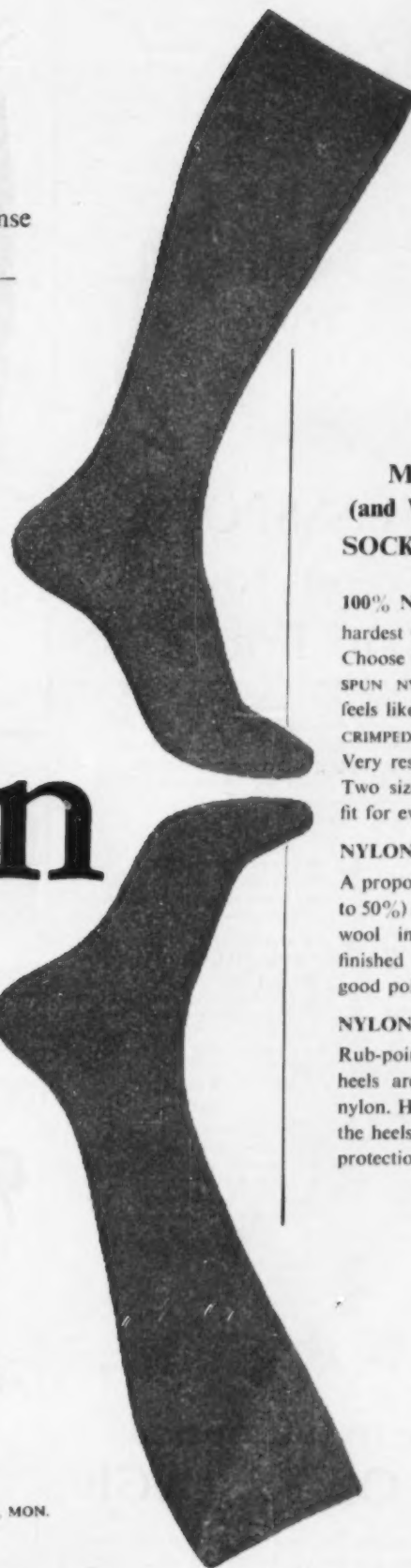
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Without even leaving the table, you can have much of the joy of a tour through France, land of sunshine and good living! Get your wine merchant's advice. *He'll* tell you that wine really means France, and France means a whole series of glorious wines—a choice for every taste and every mood. Every pocket, too: prices range from about 6/6 a bottle. Here's a brief reminder:

### ALSACE

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp and clean, fresh and fragrant.

### BORDEAUX

The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Medoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

### BURGUNDY

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Macon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

### CHAMPAGNE

The wine districts of Epernay, Reims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle—Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety!

Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.

### LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON & ALGERIA

The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

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Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteaufort du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

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Yet there are many roads to Rome, and just as some would rather get there by earth instead of air, so do a certain few still yearn for a biscuit made to an older standard and at a slower pace.

People such as they may be found at many income levels, in many different lands, but they have in common one capital—the

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With fine disdain for haste, Romary's linger with loving care over the selection, the weighing, and the measuring of the soft-grained English flour and mounds of butter that become their Tunbridge Wells biscuits—assigning to these tasks hand-skilled bakers instead of brisk machines.

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The fact is, sick people need  
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PROTEIN  
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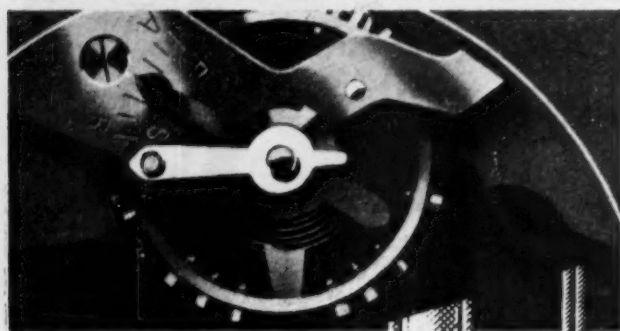
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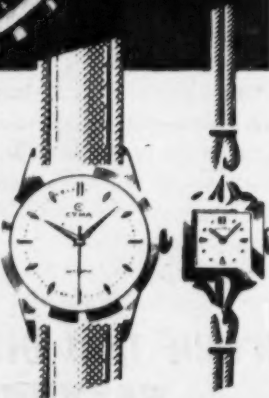
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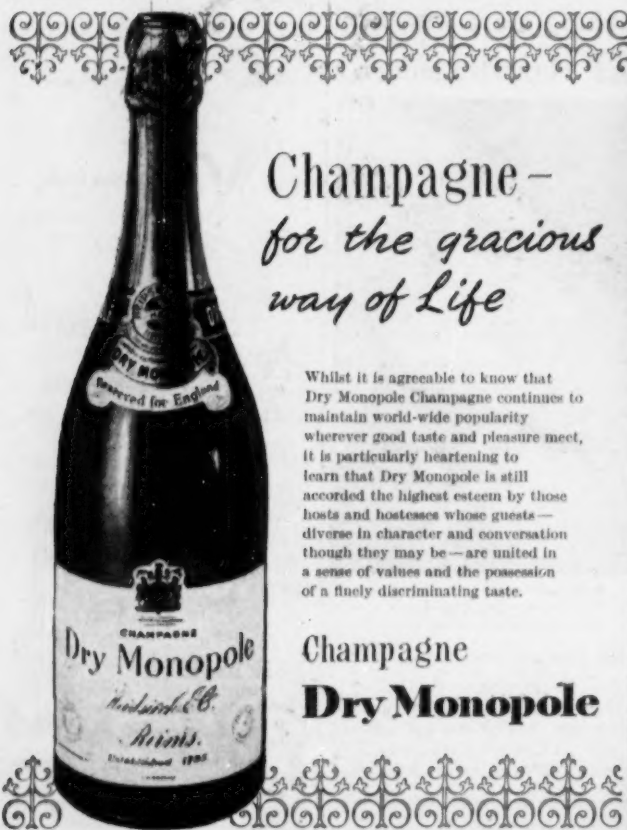
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# YARD-O-LED

Made in England and available from leading Jewellers, Stationers & Stores throughout the country.



Yes, even a little spaceman might be induced to help dry up the dishes if you give him an Old Bleach cloth. So gay and clean-looking. Such a fast moppper up. And for sheer good wear you can't beat Old Bleach Linen. Look for the name-tab and make sure you're getting the real thing. You'll find it on every genuine Old Bleach ready-to-dry Kitchen and Glass cloth.

## OLD BLEACH ready to dry kitchen and glass cloths

In case of difficulty write to The Old Bleach Linen Co. Ltd. Randalstown, N. Ireland



## NATURAL TEETH? No, and he knows they can't be cleaned like natural teeth

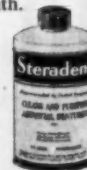
Dentures look natural—but they are strangers in the mouth. Stains "grow" on them. The pearly teeth get discoloured. Food particles lodge in tiny crevices. "Steradent" is specially made to clean dentures safely, thoroughly—by a blend of purifying oxygen and alkali.

Stains vanish. Every crevice is disinfected. Dentures are left clean and fresh—like new!

Steradent is so simple to use—while you're dressing or undressing. So safe! So economical! You need never put a half-clean denture back into your mouth.

Leave the job to **STERADENT**  
specially made to clean dentures

At your chemist: 1/4 and 2/5 flasks.



## A real Christmas

for needy old folk who live alone in cheerless rooms, and for poorest families, homeless wanderers and others, will be made possible by the Church Army Christmas Parcels and Treats.

DO PLEASE SHARE by sending your gift to The Rev. E. Wilson Carlile, Chief Secretary, The Church Army, "Christmas Work," 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

**CHURCH ARMY**  
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

The  
**3 R's**  
REST  
RELAXATION and  
RECREATION  
under ideal conditions.  
**SMEDLEY'S HYDRO  
MATLOCK Derbyshire**  
The Booklet of Smedley's will be gladly sent on application to—THE MANAGER

**Simpkins**  
The Glucose Confectioners  
**PIONEERS OF  
Quality  
GLUCOSE  
SWEETS**  
and  
**VITA GLUCOSE**  
From Chemists Everywhere

TURN  
WORN **JEWELLERY**  
INTO CASH!  
Also diamonds, gold, silverware, of every description & any condition. Cash or generous offer by return. Satisfaction or article returned. Send by registered post only or write to: **Bullion & Gems Co. 53 Chancery Lane London W.C.2** (Bankers, Westminster Bank Ltd.)

**"green label"**  
**chutney**  
INDIAN MANGO  
Quite Right  
NOTHING BETTER  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES



**You can be sure  
YOUR BLUECOL DOUBLE SAFETY  
LASTS THE WINTER THROUGH**

Day and night all through the winter the cooling system of your car needs protection. Frost can strike at any second right up to April. It can strike overnight: it can strike on a very cold day when you are parked: and it can strike in exceptionally cold weather even while you drive.

One fill of Bluecol eliminates all these risks for the whole winter. The protective quality of Bluecol lasts the winter through; and it goes on keeping your cooling system doubly safe—safe against even 35° of frost, and safe against rusting and similar chemical action.

If you haven't put Bluecol in your cooling system yet, you'll be wise to do so now. It's the riskiest time of all.

**BEWARE OF FALSE ECONOMY**

Remember, small amounts of Bluecol can be lost by spillage through radiator vent pipes. To be sure your Bluecol safety lasts the winter through you must be sure that these losses are always made good. Your garageman can easily test the strength of the Bluecol solution in your cooling system—and if you are wise you will ask him to do so whenever the system needs topping up. If Bluecol has been lost, the loss should be made good—if you merely top up with water you are weakening your Bluecol protection, and that is a very false economy.

**NEXT TIME YOU'RE AT YOUR GARAGE  
have your car filled with**

**BLUECOL**

**THE DOUBLY SAFE ANTI-FREEZE**

**one of SMITHS accessories for better motoring**

SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LIMITED, CRICKLEWOOD WORKS, LONDON, N.W.2.  
THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DIVISION OF S. SMITH & SONS (ENGLAND) LIMITED

BY APPOINTMENT SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI. JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.



*Between sportsmen*



**There's everything to be said for**

**Johnnie  
Walker**

**the smooth round whisky  
in the square bottle**

*Born 1820—still going strong*



*Maximum prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association*

## WHAT IS THIS GAME



# Calypso?

25¢ THE SET

AVAILABLE FROM LEADING STATIONERS

Kenneth Konstam writes: "It will appeal to Bridge players, to Canasta players and to the large number of card players who have long been searching for a game in which the ingredients of luck and skill are carefully apportioned."

CALYPSO is played by four players with four packs of cards. The attractive set also contains a special table layout diagram and four suit indicators. Two books of rules and scorecards are included.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & COMPANY LIMITED



Lord Hawk-Eye, criminologist,

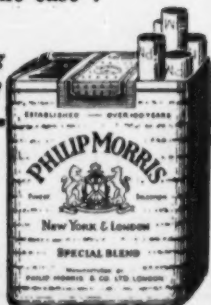
Now reconstructs the fatal tryst.

'No common crime' says he, 'I trace

A PHILIP MORRIS in the case'.

...well worth investigating  
at 3/9 for 20!

**PHILIP  
MORRIS**  
CIGARETTES



What a Merry Christmas is in store for the home that has Double Diamond on hand! This bright, big-hearted beer spreads goodwill by the glassful, adds its own cheery touch to good food and good company. That Christmas feeling comes quickly with a Double Diamond in the house, and the festivities are soon off to a good start.

**A DOUBLE DIAMOND**

works wonders





Radio-active wear detector brings to motorists  
the biggest advance ever made in car lubrication

# 80% Less Engine Wear

with new BP Special Energol

'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL

UP TO 12% LOWER PETROL CONSUMPTION

## Doubles the life of your engine

**T**HIS IS WONDERFUL NEWS. You can save 80% of engine wear, cut petrol consumption and enjoy easier starting and greater reliability than ever before thought possible.

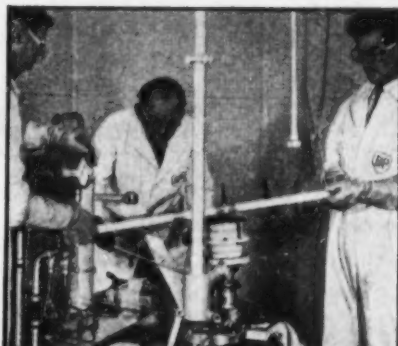
BP Special Energol is a new kind of motor oil introduced by Anglo-Iranian Oil Company for use in all four-stroke petrol engines in good condition. Tests in the laboratory and on the road prove that BP Special Energol cuts engine wear by 80% and actually doubles the life of your engine.

You also save substantially on petrol consumption — 5-10% on normal running and up to 12% on start and stop running such as a doctor does. BP Special Energol with all its advantages costs only 50% more than conventional premium oils. On petrol saving alone it more than repays the extra cost.

## 'Visco-static'?

BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' is quite unlike any conventional motor oil. It is as thin when cold as the lightest grade of lubricating oil at present sold. Yet it is as thick when hot as the grades normally recommended for summer use. This special property in an oil is what lubrication scientists have been striving after for many years. It means ideal lubrication at all temperatures using only this one grade of oil for all engines where S.A.E. grades 10W to 40 are normally recommended.

It is the reason why BP Special Energol not only reduces wear and petrol



## Radio-activity provides the proof

This picture shows a radio-active piston ring being fitted into the special wear research engine at the Sunbury Research Station of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. When the engine is running, radio-active particles in the oil stream show the rate of engine wear while it is happening. By condensing years of wear tests into weeks, this equipment has provided exhaustive proof of the value of BP Special Energol.

consumption but improves motoring performance and reliability in almost every way.

## Easier starting than you have ever known

BP Special Energol flows freely even in extreme cold so that the engine will turn over more freely. Starting even in mid-winter is no more difficult than in high summer. Your battery lasts longer.

## No oil starvation and less wear

Full lubrication begins from the first turn of the engine. Abrasive products on

the cylinder walls are washed away immediately. This saves an enormous amount of wear on both your piston rings and cylinder walls. BP Special Energol includes additives which give outstanding film strength, acid resisting properties and detergency.

## Less oil consumption

By reducing wear, BP Special Energol also reduces oil consumption. It maintains ample viscosity for good lubrication even at the hottest parts of the engine, near the piston rings.

## How to use BP Special Energol

BP Special Energol should not be mixed with conventional oils. The sump should be drained and refilled with the new oil and this should be repeated after the first 500 miles. Future oil changes should be after the normal mileage recommended by the makers of your car.

## When not to use BP Special Energol

If your engine is worn and will shortly need overhauling, do not use BP Special Energol. The normal grades of BP Energol are still on sale and will help your engine to give the best possible service until it has been overhauled. Your garage manager will be glad to give advice if you are in any doubt.

BP Special Energol is obtainable at all garages where you see the BP Shield. It is coloured red for easy identification and sold in sealed packages.



SPECIAL ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY

'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company Limited



EVER-WELCOME  
GOLD AND SILVER  
**EVERSHARPS**

The Eversharp Repeater Pencil is an even more welcome Christmas gift if you have your friend's initials engraved on it. At jewellers' and stationers'—in Sterling silver, 32/6. Rolled Gold, 35/-. Or the magnificent Gold Presentation Eversharp, £12.

Eversharp Ltd.  
195 Great Portland St. London W.1

ESTD  
1790  
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)  
**SANDEMAN**  
SCOTCH WHISKY

The  
King of  
Whiskies



SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

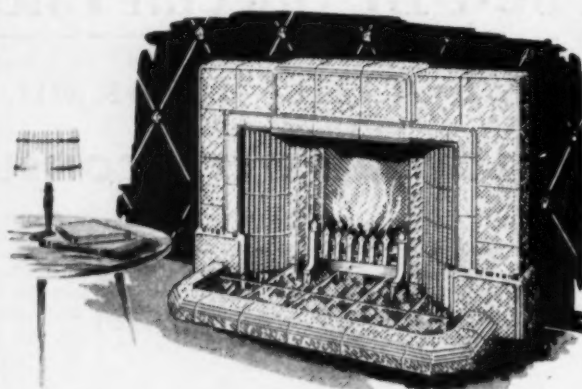
*A sherry that is sheer delight*

A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez, this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 42/7d; subsequent supplies at £12 per dozen bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.

**Pintail**  
**SHERRY**

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND

Established 1800



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styles to the clean-cut, slender lines of contemporary

design. But wherever your tastes may lie you can

be sure of a fireplace that's "right" if you choose a Royal Venton.

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who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-  
liqueur of the mint!

I love

**APRY**

the liqueur of  
the Apricot



**Sharps**

the word for Toffee  
this Christmas



Sir Kreamy Knot



Make your choice from the  
wonderful selection of Sharps  
Christmas Gift Tins at all  
first-class confectioners.

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How shall I begin?"

Much Bible reading is not so rewarding as it ought to be because of the lack of a Guide. Here it is—"The Bible Companion"—Tables for twenty minutes' daily, interesting, sustaining, reading through the Bible in a year. Free, by post, 2/6. from Mr. Viner Hall, The Institute, Neva Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.



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Prices: 32/- and 43/8 (inc. P.T.)  
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RAZOR BLADE PERFECTOR



Sole Distributors  
CONDUP LTD., 67/73 WORSHIP ST., E.C.2



## *Exports for Prosperity*

IN THE MARKETS of Lagos, in the bazaars of Bombay or on the docks of Port Said you can always be sure of seeing some I.C.I. product. Perhaps it will be bags of salt, or tins of dyestuffs; tins of anti-malaria tablets, or sacks of fertiliser. I.C.I. paints gleam in tropical sunshine on the walls of faraway hospitals; peasant farmers apply I.C.I. insecticides in the paddy fields. The Company's 12,000 products are asked for in a hundred different countries, in a multitude of tongues. But whatever the language may be, the name of I.C.I., or its trademarks, is recognised as signifying uniform quality and complete reliability, and products bearing it are eagerly sought by discerning buyers.

In the world's markets to-day, there is a constant demand for the products of British chemical invention — products ranging from the tough, versatile plastic,

polythene, to the powerful "Gammexane" insecticides. To meet this overseas demand and to develop its position in foreign markets, I.C.I. has created a world-wide selling organisation. In 38 countries I.C.I. has its own selling companies, while in nearly every other country there are independent agents for I.C.I.'s products. By this means, I.C.I. ensures that it has men on the spot to study the special needs of each foreign market, to adapt products to meet local conditions, and to provide after-sales service so that the customer gets full value and satisfaction from his purchase. This organisation has played an invaluable part in the Company's successful drive to increase its overseas sales. In 1953, I.C.I.'s direct exports were realising for the country, in hard and soft currency, more than £1,000,000 a week — a valuable contribution to the British balance of payments.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited





For the festive occasion...

Make friends  
with  
**Martell**  
CORDON BLEU

*A fine liqueur brandy*

Insist on **KUNZLE**



**Art Dessert**  
CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

...like Kunzle Cakes—a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

M-W.63



"You're in  
excellent  
company  
Charles..."

"How so?"

"...with two  
**CINZANOS** in  
your  
hands!"

Cinzano, the very name feels good on the tongue! This is real vermouth prepared from grapes grown specially for the purpose and enriched by a recipe famous for more than 100 years. Cinzano RED, of course, is now firmly established, amongst those who know, as the perfect vermouth. Cinzano WHITE is new to this country. It has a special and intriguing flavour difficult to describe but sheer delight to enjoy.

Drink Cinzano RED or WHITE on its own to savour its bouquet, fullness and subtle flavour. But if you want to use either for cocktails, you'll find that both are grand mixers in any way you choose.

**A MUCH APPRECIATED GIFT**

The Cinzano Gift case contains one large bottle of Cinzano Dry and one of Cinzano Sweet; a book of cocktail recipes; a bunch of cocktail sticks and a handsome cocktail shaker. Attractively wrapped for Christmas.



**CINZANO**

GENUINE VERMOUTH

SWEET: WHITE OR RED FROM ITALY 17/- per bottle

DRY FROM FRANCE 18/- per bottle

There are also 1/2 bottles at 9/- and 9/6 respectively.

Punch, December 15 1954

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